The Outlook

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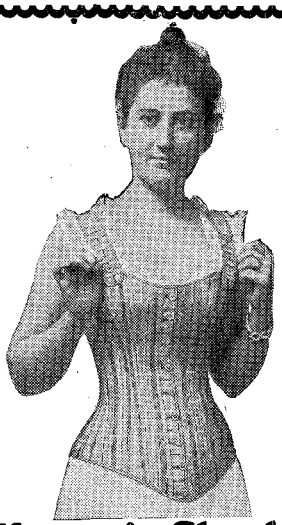

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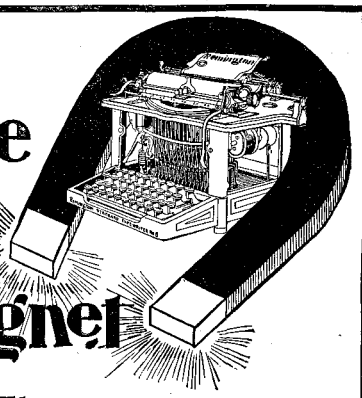

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The Outlook

Published Every Saturday

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HENRY GEORGE, the candidate of the Jeffersonian Democracy for the Mayoralty of the Greater New York, was stricken with apoplexy early in the morning of Friday last, and died at five o'clock. We speak elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook of the character of the man and of the meaning of his life. His sudden death, after a political fight of immense vigor undertaken by him when in failing health, makes intensely significant his words upon accepting the nomination: "I will accept the nomination if I die for it." Henry George was born in Philadelphia in 1839; the eldest son of a publisher, he learned the printer's trade at an early age, after a voyage to India and Australia as a cabin-boy. In 1858 he went to California as a sailor before the mast, and there he worked at his trade, spending every available hour in study and reading. In time he began to contribute to the San Francisco papers, and it is interesting to know that one of his earliest articles to show marked ability was upon the assassination of President Lincoln. Editorial work of a poorly paid kind soon fell to his lot, and it was at this period of his career that he began to formulate his ideas on land-ownership, taxation, and poverty, which were ultimately worked out in his greatest book, "Progress and Poverty." Of the inception of this work he relates the following incident:

> I had taken a horse and gone for a ride, and, absorbed in my own thoughts, had driven him into the hills until he panted for breath. Stopping for rest, I asked a passing teamster, for want of something else to say, what land was worth there. He pointed to some cows grazing off so far that they looked like mice, and said: "I don't know exactly, but there is a man over there who will sell some land for $1,000 an acre." Like a flash it came upon me that there was the reason. With the growth of population land grows in value, and the men who work it must pay more for the privilege. I turned back, amid quiet thought. The perception that then came to me has been with me ever since. In 1871 I wrote a pamphlet entitled "Our Land and Land Policy, National and State." In this I set forth the idea which I have since maintained—the idea that the value of land belongs to the whole community, and that all revenues should be raised by taxes upon it.

❀

"Progress and Poverty" made its way rapidly, and even those who denied the truth and force of its arguments granted its originality and admired its literary clarity and force. Its success was considerable in England as well as here, and in 1881 Mr. George visited that country, and for two years acted as English and Irish correspondent for New York papers. It was at this time that he was arrested in Ireland on suspicion of being a conspirator. Mr. George continued to gain adherents to his single-tax doctrine and to become better known in other ways as an advocate of social reform. When he was nominated for Mayor as an independent candidate in 1886, a large vote for him was not generally expected, but, to the surprise of his opponents, he polled 68,000 votes. He stood second in the contest; Mr. Hewitt, the Democratic candidate, was elected; Mr. Roosevelt, the Republican candidate, stood third. With the facts relating to Mr. George's connection with the controversy about Dr. McGlynn our readers are familiar. Mr. George during the last ten years of his life traveled in England and Australia, but most of his time was spent in quiet life at his residence at Fort Hamilton in working at a book on political economy, which, it is understood, was wholly or practically completed. His eldest son, Henry George, Jr., who has taken his father's place as a candidate, is a young man of ability and a thoughtful student. His nomination was not intended to affect the political situation so much as it was to show that the citizens whom Mr. George represented believed that they were fighting for a cause, not solely for a man.

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The public funeral and memorial meeting in honor of Henry George were a remarkable

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demonstration of the love and respect felt for him by the common people. Scores of thousands of people visited the Grand Central Palace during the day, and the number of those who attended the services was limited only by the capacity of the hall. It was eminently true also that deep feeling was quite as evident as that love for a sensation which often gathers great crowds on such public occasions Among the invited guests were: Mr. Low, Colonel Waring, ex-Postmaster Dayton, Mayor Strong, Mayor Wurster, Mr. Depew, Thomas G. Shearman, Mr. Larocque, and many other men of public note. The devotional services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, and there were addresses by Rabbi Gottheil, Father McGlynn, Mr. John S. Crosby, and the Rev. Lyman Abbott. We select a few sentences from these addresses which may give, combinedly, an indication of the general trend of thought:

Rabbi Gottheil: He went in search of truth, and accepted it as he found it—not caring if he ran counter to established opinions held to be fundamental of social order. In the spirit of the old prophets, he would declare the word of God as it was borne unto him, and he would speak his message in clear and unmistakable language. Now, God has so armed all honest utterances that, whatever error may be mingled with truth, it can never fail of its reward. Time, which tries all things, will separate the dross from the gold; but the weight of an upright word in season, uttered in uprightness, always makes for righteousness, and inspires other souls to rise and do likewise. . . . They say that his theories were dangerous, because they seemed to create disaffection and consequent restlessness among the working classes, but that is altogether beside the question. The only true standard for any theory is furnished in the measure of real and lasting good which it will do to that particular class; and if a theory can stand that test, it can never fail of proving a great benefit to all classes. It cannot fail to bring new strength to the whole social fabric.

Dr. McGlynn: We stand upon ground that is made sacred by what remains of a man who was raised by a peculiar providence of the Father in heaven to deliver a message to men of righteousness and justice and of truth. He died in the struggle for what? For the Mayoralty of New York? No. That was not for him. It was altogether too small for him. He died in the struggle upon which he had enthusiastically entered to deal blows and willing to take blows, in a conflict for the rights of men, for universal justice; to fight for a cause which would make the magnificent intentions of the preamble of the Declaration of Independence no longer glittering generalities.

John S. Crosby: As Paul stood on Mars Hill and to the ancient Athenians proclaimed an unknown God, so this man has stood for twenty-five years speaking to democrats. I do not mean Democrats in the narrow, partisan sense of the word, but all of those who believe as Washington and Lincoln believed. His message to them has been that, if the people could not be trusted to govern themselves, no one could do it. The party that does not recognize the right of a man to a place on this earth must go down, and every government that fails to recognize this right must go down, as governments have gone down in the past.

Lyman Abbott: With his brilliant talents, with his knowledge of economic principles, with his rare power of expression, with his genius for arousing enthusiasm, Henry George might have attained almost any position he chose in political life or in journalism or in social life, had he been willing to yield one inch of his principles or even to make such compromises as most of us deem it quite proper to make. But he was inflexible when he believed he was right. . . . I believe that the secret of Henry George's unflinching courage, his undaunted faith in man, and his constant hope of victory, rested in his faith in God. I do not mean in his theological belief in God, or in his belief that there is somewhere, far off, a God of some sort; but in his personal belief that there is a living God, a good God, a God who is a Father to his children.

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Although the New York election will be decided and the details of its result will be past history before The Outlook reaches its readers, one fact stands out with great significance: a voluntary association like the Citizens' Union, without any of the usual instrumentalities of collecting money, and devoid of the attractiveness of the possible rewards of office, was obliged to issue a letter before the close of the campaign announcing that sufficient funds had been received for the proper election expenses, and to return considerable sums of money to would-be donors. It is also significant that a large proportion of the total amount contributed for this purpose came from persons whose names were unknown to the members of the committee and whose subscriptions were small in amount. In fact, the fund was furnished by a great number of small contributors, and not, as is usually the case, by a few large contributors. Another novel feature of the financial management of the campaign was the fact that no candidate contributed a dollar toward the fund in any form. The Citizens' Union announces that it will shortly publish a detailed statement of its expenditures, and that its accounts will be regularly audited. It will then appear that it is possible to fight the rings and the bosses, whose command of money is very great, and whose use of it is correspondingly unscrupulous, with a very

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moderate amount of money. The treatment of this whole question of monetary aid in a political canvass on a strictly business basis and with entire publicity marks the beginning of better things in campaign management.

❀

The work of the women in the campaign just closed in New York proves many things —that women have positive convictions; that they will unite to support them; that they will not hesitate to express them in public; that they command the respect and the attention of men of ideas in politics. Every party in this great municipal campaign, except Tammany, has had working hard for it bodies of women. In no campaign in New York has the influence of women been more effective. The Woman's Municipal League has had its headquarters in the Citizens' Union headquarters; the League has raised almost $10,000 to meet the expenses of the campaign, all from women. One of the significant signs of the times is that some of this money has been sent by women in other cities interested in non-partisan administration of municipal affairs. The Woman's Municipal League has arranged for and carried through over seventy-five meetings, held in all sections of the city, in private residences, public halls, and in and out of doors. The members have distributed circular announcements of meetings, and the valuable literature of the Citizens' Union. Like the Citizens' Union, the members of the Municipal League have represented capital and labor. All this indicates the development of civic pride, and a realizing sense that the good of all parts of the city demands the interest of all the people of the city united to secure that good.

❀

Apart from New York City, the important elections taking place as we go to press are in Ohio, Iowa, Maryland, and possibly Kentucky and Nebraska. In Massachusetts and Pennsylvania there is no interest manifested save in the size of the Republican majorities. Last year the vote stood almost three to one in the former commonwealth and almost two to one in the latter. In both the Democratic organizations have continued to stand for the free coinage of silver. In Pennsylvania the local issues presented by the reputation of the last Legislature and the presence of an independent Republican ticket are expected to make a heavy cut in last year's Republican majority. In New York the Democratic candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals stands for nothing in particular, and the complications arising from the presence of the Citizens' Union ticket in New York City, with no candidate for the State office to be filled, deprives the result of the National significance that may be attributed to it. In Virginia only a faction of the Republicans put a ticket in the field, while in Colorado all the candidates stand on the same financial platform. In Nebraska the election is possibly important, inasmuch as it furnishes a straw vote regarding Mr. Bryan's hold upon the various elements of the Fusion party. In Kentucky the vigorous campaign made by the Gold Democrats occasions a National feeling that the future of that faction is being decisively weighed. The really important elections, however, are those in Ohio, Iowa, and Maryland. In both Ohio and Iowa a vigorous campaign has been fought on the silver issue, Mr. Bryan taking an active part. In Ohio the question of the United States Senatorship has overshadowed all others. The Democrats have been handicapped by the probability that John R. McLean, of the Cincinnati "Enquirer," would secure the position in case of Democratic success. To rid themselves of this embarrassment the Democratic candidates for the Legislature in Cleveland have pledged themselves to vote for no "millionaire or monopolist," while in Columbus the Democrats have put forward for the Senate Colonel James Kilbourn, a successful manufacturer and a fine scholar, whose long and independent advocacy of free trade and free coinage have made him exceptionally popular with the rank and file of the party. Despite these actions, however, the personal issue presented by Messrs. Hanna and McLean, as well as the political issue as to gold or silver, must affect the outcome. In Maryland there is no clearly defined political issue. Senator Gorman has secured at least half-hearted support from both Gold and Silver Democrats, while Senator Wellington's ill-timed quarrel with the Republican organization greatly increases the chances of Senator Gorman's re-election.

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The plan of currency reform submitted to the Cabinet last week by Secretary Gage closely resembles those urged by Secretary Carlisle. Like his predecessor, Secretary Gage assumes that our recent industrial losses

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have been caused by distrust of the value of money, and that the equal purchasing power of our gold and silver currency—whatever may have been true prior to '93—can be maintained only by treating our silver money as redeemable in gold. Upon these monometallist foundations he logically builds the argument that our gold reserve of about $150,000,000 is insufficient permanently to redeem on demand over $450,000,000 worth of greenbacks and Treasury notes and nearly $450,000,000 more of silver and silver certificates. Either, he says, the amount of the gold reserve must be greatly increased, or the amount of the paper and silver money must be reduced. He prefers the latter alternative, and recommends that $200,000,000 of greenbacks be withdrawn from circulation, no part of it to be thereafter restored unless an equal amount of gold is deposited in its place. Thus far the programme is logical monometallism. At this point, however, Secretary Gage makes a concession to the bimetallist conviction that the quantity of currency is important, and that the permanent retirement of $200,000.000 from circulation would produce a further fall in prices and greater business depression. To allay this fear, he recommends that the banks which collect the $200,000,000 of paper money for the Treasury shall receive at once a like amount of bank-notes. These bank-notes the Secretary of the Treasury would exempt from taxation until he should issue to the banks 2½ per cent. gold bonds to take the place of the paper money deposited as security for the bank-notes. When the banks began to receive interest on the bonds, he would have their notes taxed, but only one-half per cent. instead of one per cent. as at present.

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Secretary Gage also asks permission to issue 2½ per cent. gold bonds to retire the outstanding coin bonds payable in 1904 and 1907, and would give to the banks buying them the right to issue notes up to the full par value of the bonds. He would also permit banks which deposit bonds or paper money up to 50 per cent. of their capital to issue additional notes up to 25 per cent. of their deposits. These additional notes, unsecured by deposits, he would tax at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum. This tax is the same as was suggested by the Farmers' Alliance for its proposed sub-treasury notes. The amount of the tax is doubtless sufficient to compensate the Government for all possible losses; but the bankers' plan, like the farmers', is still open to the objection that it is class legislation. It is not our belief that the Republican party, in its present temper, will accept Secretary Gage's plan. To those who believe that distrust of the value of money, and not distrust of the value of other products, has caused the depression; to those who believe that the United States cannot, like France, keep its gold and silver coins at par without redeeming one in the other; and to those who believe that non-legal-tender paper money issued by the banks is better than legal-tender paper money issued by the Government, the plan is eminently satisfactory. But to Republicans who believe that the value of money has been rising and not falling; that both silver and gold, and not gold alone, should be treated as standard money; and that the control of the currency is a public function, the plan is so obnoxious that its adoption by the Cabinet would make a new cleavage in the party ranks.

❀

On Monday of last week the Administration, through Attorney-General McKenna, announced its determination to secure the postponement of the sale of the main line of the Union Pacific from election day until the week after the assembling of Congress. This action was doubtless taken in view of the public attention called to the fact that the market price of Union Pacific stock showed that the property was worth at least $10,000,000 more than the Government was offered. The metropolitan dailies generally ignored this fact, but, in spite of their silence, the knowledge of it reached all parts of the country, and became a factor of some seriousness in the Ohio campaign. When the Administration announced its determination to postpone the sale, nearly everybody rejoiced, except those who wished the Government to turn over several million dollars' worth of public property to its defaulting debtor—the Union Pacific Corporation. Those who were not already convinced that this would have been the effect of carrying out the previous arrangement were immediately convinced of it by the action of the Union Pacific Reorganization Committee itself. That Committee, whose advocates the week before had spoken lightly of the value of the main line of the Union Pacific at the price previously named, agreed to raise its bids by $8,000,000 in order to prevent

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the postponement of the sale. Inasmuch as $8,000,000 added to the previous bid would pay both principal and interest of the Government's claim upon the main line of the Union Pacific, the Administration agreed to proceed with the sale. The only apparent danger to the Government from this proceeding is that, having sold the main line, it may not be in a position to demand good terms for the Kansas Pacific branch, on which it has a further claim of $13,000,000.

❀

An interesting experiment was inaugurated last week in the opening of the Mills House in New York City. While this hotel for workmen is not avowedly an eleemosynary institution, and its owner even hopes to realize a profit on his investment, the character of the enterprise and the motives which have led to its inception are distinctly of public interest. New York City, in common with all great centers of population and commerce, attracts large numbers of employment-seeking artisans, laborers, and others, who, while looking for work, must live in very economical fashion. They have hitherto been compelled to resort to the cheap lodging-houses in the Bowery and other similar streets; these places are generally ill-ventilated, unclean, and demoralizing in their influences and surroundings. The Mills House is designed to furnish a home for this class of honest, respectable men, who appreciate cleanliness and order, and do not desire to associate with tramps and thieves if they can avoid it. It is a ten-story structure, occupying the block on Bleecker Street between Thompson and Sullivan Streets, and appears to be, as it is, a large hotel rather than a lodging-house. It has on its main floor spacious and attractive reading, smoking, and sitting rooms, supplied with substantial chairs, tables, and benches; a well-selected library, with plenty of fiction; a great wash-room, with individual wash-basins, shower-baths, and foot-baths; in the basement are a dining-room capable of seating six hundred persons, where a good meal may be had for ten cents, and a laundry where washing will be done at low rates; on the nine remaining floors are some fifteen hundred rooms, each having at least one window and some two, with a comfortable bed, a chair, and a strip of pretty carpet for furnishing; the charge for these rooms is to be twenty cents a night. Thus a man can live in this modern hotel for $3.50 a week, and, as Mr. Mills explained in his address at the opening, feel that, while he is getting the fullest possible equivalent for his money, he is also fully and honestly paying for what he gets, and is not a recipient of charity—except in the thought, labor, and good will which have been put forth for his benefit.

❀

It will be seen that the Mills House does not aim to compete with the cheapest lodging-houses. In this respect it differs from the municipal lodging-houses of Glasgow, where a man can get a lodging for "thrippence," and have an opportunity to cook his own food. It will not drive the low lodging-house out of the business. But it will save young men of good character from the corrupting influences of the habitués of these places—influences such as are plainly and graphically described in Sanborn's "Moody's Lodging-House" papers. One danger in connection with work of this kind it is hoped may be avoided in the Mills Houses—for another similar hotel will soon be opened by Mr. Mills. This is, that the attractions may prove so great as to draw a different class from those aimed at. In one restaurant in this city, designed for women and girls who are employed—they cannot be accurately designated as "workingwomen" or "working-girls"—fashionable ladies often occupy tables to the exclusion of those for whom the place is intended. Mr. Mills's scheme, however, seems to have been carefully thought out, and will probably prove a most valuable agency for good. There is no ostentatious luxury about this workingman's hotel; there is cleanliness, comfort, the beauty of simplicity and appropriateness; in a word, an environment which makes for wholesome living and for moral and physical well-being. This will strongly appeal to the men whom the place is meant to attract; and no doubt they, as well as the community at large, will give Mr. Mills unstinted praise for this use of his wealth—a use far more genuinely philanthropic than is much of that which is avowedly "charitable."

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The yellow fever epidemic in New Orleans has apparently reached its height; for some time past the new cases have averaged about fifty a day and the deaths about five. As compared with previous epidemics, the mortality has been remarkably low. One result

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of the present epidemic, with its brutal shotgun quarantine, is the creation of a strong sentiment in favor of putting the regulation of quarantine matters entirely in the hands of the National Government. It properly belongs there; for the effectiveness of any system which attempts to guard against disease depends upon the thoroughness and uniformity with which it is employed, and these ends are defeated when the entrance of disease is rigidly guarded against in one State while the doors are left wide in an adjoining State. What is needed is a uniform and scientific dealing with all such crises; avoiding, on the one hand, the local carelessness which permits the spread of the contagion, and, on the other, the panic-stricken brutality with which the suffering or those who have been exposed to infection are treated after the disease has established itself. As usual, New Orleans, while not without its panic-stricken contingent, has shown characteristic courage and composure. Many families have stayed in the city for the simple purpose of lending aid, comfort, and calmness by their presence. Men and women have again enriched the annals of the city with innumerable instances of personal courage and devotion. The Rev. Beverly Warner (a Northern man), rector of one of the leading Episcopal churches of the city, was in the North on his vacation when the disease appeared. He instantly returned to the city, put himself at the disposal of his people, aided in every way the movements to cleanse and put the city in proper condition, was smitten with the fever, lay for some time at the point of death, recovered, and at once returned to his pulpit and his work. This is one conspicuous example out of many.

❀

The French Chamber of Deputies has followed the English Parliament in passing a drastic Employers' Liability Act. According to the cablegrams, it requires employers to insure their workmen against accidents while at work, for such amounts as will secure them two-thirds of their regular wages in case of permanent disablement, and secure their families from twenty to sixty per cent. of their wages in case of death. Apparently the employers are required to carry insurance against these liabilities in accident insurance companies, and in this way the cost of the insurance becomes a regular charge in carrying on the business, and the danger of the employer's bankruptcy through a great accident is avoided. Whether or not the Act expressly makes such insurance in accident companies mandatory, the purpose doubtless is that the employers shall have recourse to such companies. When the English bill was being discussed, Lord Salisbury stated that its most salutary effect would be that, in order to get low rates from the accident insurance companies, employers would introduce every possible appliance to guard against accidents. In this way employers' liability operates to prevent accidents as well as to compensate the employees when the accidents occur. We reserve further comment on the French bill until its details are more fully reported. ——In England the engineers' strike continues to drag along, each side dexterously rejecting the proffered mediation of the Board of Trade in such a way as to make it appear that the other side is responsible for the failure to come to terms. To this engineering strike there is now danger that a strike of the cotton operatives, not less disastrous, may be added. The employers demand a five per cent. reduction of wages because of the fall in prices. The employees are unwilling to grant this, and express their usual preference for a cutting down of production so as to keep up prices. The employers, however, state that prices have already fallen too much to make such an arrangement satisfactory. The issue is still in doubt.

❀

Advices from Honolulu are to the effect that the contention between Japan and Hawaii on the subject of immigration may be settled on the plan of arbitration as originally proposed by Hawaii and not as dictated by Japan. Mr. Shimamuwa, the Japanese Minister at Honolulu, now declares that his Government is willing to submit all the points at issue to arbitration, without any reservation. It may be remembered that up to the present Japan has refused to arbitrate two of the points at issue—namely, the question of the bona-fide possession of fifty dollars by each of the rejected free laborers, and the applicability of the treaty of 1871 to Japan's subjects other than the merchant class. The Hawaiian Government has suggested that the arbitration shall be by three eminent jurists, each Government choosing one and uniting on the selection of the third. Hawaii makes no objection to the King of the Belgians as third arbitrator, but it is pointed out that some

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complication might arise if the arbitration were by the head of a foreign power. Should the Japanese Government take this ground also, its desire to placate Hawaii (and inferentially the United States) will be more than ever apparent. The causes of Japan's desire to smooth away friction are variously ascribed to a belief that our annexation treaty will fail, in which case Japan would probably more than hold her own with the Hawaiian Government; to the "persuasive firmness" of the authorities at Washington, and to the supposed fact that during the past six months no immigrants of the fifty-dollar class have gone to the islands.

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The Austrian Reichsrath has been the scene of constant disorder during the last ten days, the exciting cause being the bill for the extension for a year of the compact between Austria and Hungary. Under the compact of 1867 the expenses of the Dual Empire were divided in the ratio of 70 per cent. to Austria and 30 per cent to Hungary. This proportion does not now represent fairly the wealth or population of the two countries, and on this question great bitterness of feeling has been shown. The Prime Minister has been threatened with impeachment, and the prolonged outbreaks of disorder have practically suspended the sittings of the House. It looks as if the only issue of the struggle would be the suspension of the Constitution by the direct act of the Emperor, whose hold upon the two peoples continues to be unbroken, but whose voice is sometimes drowned in the tumult of party passion. The Hungarians have carried themselves in this crisis with commendable moderation and dignity. Although every effort to prevent the renewal of the treaty has been made by various sections in Austria, the Hungarian Government has officially announced that the union of the two countries is indissoluble, and has taken its stand resolutely beside the Austrian Ministry in its attempt to carry through necessary legislation and to put a stop to the mob rule which has lately obtained in the Reichsrath. When one remembers that it is not many years since Hungary was fighting for her independence against Austria, the Hungarian attitude in this struggle reflects the highest credit upon the intelligence and good sense of the Hungarian people. They are now repaying the Emperor for the many services which he has been able to render them of late years. If, under these circumstances, the Austrian Ministry is obliged to dissolve the Reichsrath, to suspend the Constitution, and conduct the affairs of the Empire for a time, the selfish political groups into which Austrian parties have broken up must hold themselves responsible. The Emperor is one of the most moderate, just, and wise rulers in Europe.

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It is now positively determined that another attempt will be made next year to reach the North Pole. The leader of the expedition is Captain Sverdrup, who, as our readers all know, was the efficient Captain of the Fram, Nansen's famous vessel in the last great voyage to the North, which succeeded in putting the "Farthest North" mark at 86° 15′. Captain Sverdrup will once again be in command of the Fram, as the Norwegian Government has not only given him permission to use the stanch little vessel for this purpose, but has presented him with the sum of 20,000 kroner (about $5,000) for the refitting of the ship. It is stated that the expedition will carry provisions enough to allow it to remain absent four years if necessary. Sixteen men will form the crew, and the rather extraordinary statement is made that four hundred dogs will be taken. It is a recognized fact that an Arctic explorer can hardly have too many dogs—Nansen bitterly regretted when he was so near the Pole that circumstances had made it possible for him to take so few—but the care, feeding, and housing of four hundred dogs must present very great difficulties. We are inclined to suspect that the cable has exaggerated the number. Captain Sverdrup will go directly to Baffin Bay and Smith's Sound, and make his attempt from the ocean to the north of Greenland. This is just what Lieutenant Peary is planning to do, so far as the route is concerned, but Captain Sverdrup will make a direct push for the Pole in the Fram, while Lieutenant Peary will form two or three stations, with the aid of his old friends among the Eskimos, and his final push for the Pole with sledges and only one or two companions is not to be made until a year from next summer. It will be remembered that the Fram, under the command of Captain Sverdrup, drifted, after Nansen had left it for his push northward by sledges, to a point only thirty or forty miles south of the farthest north actually obtained by Nansen. The vessel was designed according to Nan-

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sen's ideas, and the absolute soundness of these ideas was amply proved by her conduct in the frozen seas. While we are speaking of Polar topics, we may mention the fact that a report has been received from the island of Vardoe, off Finmark, that a rumor prevails there that a whaling-ship sighted Andrée's balloon floating in the water on September 3 near Spitzbergen. This is only one of a dozen or more reports which have gained circulation either with regard to the balloon having been seen or about alleged pigeon dispatches. Those who are best informed place little faith in any of the reports.

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The publication of the Second Series of "The Golden Treasury" has been speedily followed by the death of its editor, Professor Francis T. Palgrave. Born in 1824, educated at the famous Charterhouse School and at Balliol College, Oxford, he took a very high standing as a scholar. Later he held a position in the Education Department of the Privy Council, and acted for some time as private secretary to Earl Granville. His "Idyls and Songs" appeared in 1854, and from that time until 1861 he published a number of works, none of which now have any wide reading, although all of them show poetic talent. The appearance of the "Golden Treasury," however, thirty-six years ago, made Professor Palgrave's name familiar wherever English poetry is read. Its excellence both as a representative anthology and as an illustration of the truest literary judgment was speedily recognized, and it is probably the most highly valued and popular anthology of English poetry which has yet appeared. Professor Palgrave's industry is evidenced by a long list of contributions to various periodicals, by a volume of hymns, a volume of children's stories, by critical and biographical introductions to collections of poetry, by his second collection of "Lyric Poems," which appeared in 1871, and by his second great success, "The Children's Treasury of English Songs." In 1881 he published "The Visions of England," a series of patriotic poems based on English history. In 1886 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and in that capacity delivered a number of interesting lectures. Although not a man of great originality or fertility, he was a man of distinct talent, of great industry, and of admirable discernment of poetic values. He achieved the rare distinction of having made a selection of English poetry which has been accepted as the standard English anthology.

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We find nothing in the official report of the correspondence between the English Government and the American Monetary Commission which requires us to make any modification in the report which we gave of that correspondence last week, from unofficial sources. It apparently puts an end, as we last week said it did, to any reasonable expectation of obtaining at present any co-operation from England in securing international bimetallism. We have yet to learn whether there is any prospect of action by France or Germany, but, in the absence of such action, international bimetallism must be laid aside as, for the present, a "lost cause."

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Henry George

The sudden death of Henry George was not wholly unexpected by his intimate friends, who knew that he had entered the canvass at the hazard of his life; but it was a shock to his followers and to the entire community. The expressions of affectionate regard which that death has elicited, alike from those who accepted and those who rejected his economic theory, is at once a testimony to the sterling character of the man, and to the truth, which in our hearts we all recognize, that a noble spirit is of more value than any creed, whether theological or economical.

Henry George has been before the public for twenty years as the apostle of a single idea. That idea is, in brief, that the gifts of God are not proper subjects for individual ownership; that among those gifts, which belong of right to all the people, are sunlight, air, water, and the earth. The idea is as old as the Mosaic Commonwealth, and is incorporated in the Mosaic laws. It underlies the Anglo-Saxon doctrine of eminent domain. It has been held and taught by many an economic philosopher. But the difficulties and disadvantages of owning the land in common have proved so great that in the higher forms of civilization no attempt has ever been made to realize this recognized right. Theoretical justice has yielded to practical expediency. The distinguishing feature in Henry George's philosophy was his simple device for reconciling the right of all the people to the land with the advantages to civilization and

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progress arising from individual ownership. For that purpose he would recognize the community as landlord, the individual as tenant, and would charge the individual a rent for the land he occupies and uses, equal to a moderate interest on its market value unimproved. Strictly speaking, this is not a "single tax." It is rather the doctrine that, if the people could come by their own, all taxes could be abolished. For Mr. George contended, and Mr. Shearman has scientifically supported the contention with elaborate statistics, that if the interest on the value of the unimproved land were paid into the public treasury, it would be ample to meet all the expenses of government, municipal, State, and National.

To the advocacy of this doctrine Henry George gave himself with a passionate earnestness and a self-devotion worthy of all praise. For it he surrendered all self-advancement and welcomed obloquy. With his clear apprehension of fundamental principles, his mastery of the English language, his singularly lucid and often poetically and passionately eloquent style, and his power of awakening enthusiasm, he might have had almost any position he aspired to, in journalism or politics, had he been willing to compromise a little with his conscience, or even to veil his doctrine in palatable phrases and unstartling generalities. He has been called a demagogue. No moral reformer of our time, not even William Lloyd Garrison, was less a demagogue than he. A demagogue is one who panders to the prejudices of the people for his own self-advancement. Henry George often exasperated popular prejudice when he need not have done so. He has been accused in the same breath of being an Anarchist and a Socialist. An Anarchist is one who believes that all government should be abolished; a Socialist is one who believes that the powers of government should be increased and its functions extended. Henry George believed neither. He believed in a strong government with limited functions. He rightly called himself a Jeffersonian Democrat. The Outlook believes that America has passed beyond the philosophy of Thomas Jefferson. Henry George believed that the movement away from Thomas Jefferson was a movement in the wrong direction. Whether right or wrong in this, he gave himself unreservedly to what he believed to be the truth, and he devoted himself to it with passionate earnestness because he believed it was the truth of God and involved essential justice to suffering humanity. What is called his "economic theory" was in fact his religious faith. And he lived and died for it with that singleness of purpose which comes only from an unselfish love for man and a vital faith in a living God.

This is not the place to discuss his theory. Yet we desire not to evade a question which the reader will naturally ask. We believe that Henry George's fundamental postulate that the land belongs to all the people is indubitably true. We believe that his method of giving to them their own by framing a tax which would really be a rent payable to the people is both just and practicable. We do not think with him that this may be done rightfully without some consideration of those who have built their fortunes on that individual ownership of land which has grown up by common consent. Nor do we think with him that this reform is the only one needed to establish justice and equalize industrial conditions; nor even that it is the industrial reform of greatest immediate importance. But, agreeing with him in part and dissenting from him in part, we gladly bear testimony to the inspiration and the illumination which his writings have afforded, and join, not only with the great public, but also with the smaller circle of personal friends, in a tribute to the memory of one whose life was inspired by faith in God and in truth, by hope for humanity and for the triumph of God's kingdom, and by love for his fellowmen, attested by twenty years of patient and unselfish service.

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A Continuing Campaign

We go to press just as the people of the great city of New York are casting the votes which will determine under what government that city shall be for the four formative years of its existence. It would be idle for us to prophesy results which will be known to our readers before these pages can come from the press, and it is needless for us to add anything to what we have already said in interpretation of the momentous issues involved. There are, however, two reflections which it may be worth while to suggest to our readers, and which, perhaps, may be more effectively suggested while we are still in ignorance of what the immediate result of the present campaign will be.

Whatever that immediate result, the ulti-

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mate result can only be beneficial. New York has been stirred as never before in local elections. The citizens of New York have been impelled to give an amount of thought to municipal affairs which they have never before given. The greatest foe to good government in our great cities is the apathy of the citizens. For at least four weeks there has been no apathy in New York. The pictorial campaign, furnishing to auditors, by means of the stereopticon, object-lessons in the history of reform, has done more to make the plain people acquainted with the complexity and magnitude of municipal problems, and of the importance of securing men competent to deal with them, than acres of newspapers or tons of tracts could possibly have done. The campaign has not been carried on solely, nor even chiefly, by great mass-meetings. The so-called best citizens have not met together in the aristocratic sections of the city to lament the ignorance and the vice in the lower sections of the city. High and low, rich and poor, have met together in a common campaign against corruption. That much-abused phrase, "the brotherhood of man," has had practical illustration. The most effective meetings have been the neighborhood meetings held in local halls all over the city; except as their effectiveness has been transcended by that of street meetings and political canvass from traveling carts. The example which Mr. Low has set in this respect, which he initiated in his Brooklyn campaign of 1882, has been followed, though not rivaled, by his competitors. Men of all classes have got together in these local meetings. Political speaking in the lower wards has not been left to local politicians. Some of the ablest of the younger lawyers and business men of the city have been both vigorous and efficient on the stump.

Nor has it been only the so-called lower wards which have been stirred by the unusual excitement and illuminated by unusual oratory in this campaign. The so-called best citizens have also been aroused. They have thrown off their indifference; they have ceased to claim credit with their neighbors because they "take no interest in politics." Their interest, too, has been by no means a mere partisan interest. They have been stirred, as never before, to desire and to seek for better things for their city. There has been a real revival of civic conscience. If to desire justice and purity in government, and to strive for it, is a part of religion, then there has been a true revival of religion. The life thus born in the municipality will not die. The public interest thus created will undoubtedly wane, but it will not wholly cease to exist. After all, government is chiefly valuable as an index to life, and the life of the metropolis has been quickened by the campaign, and so quickened that nothing can wholly stifle it in the future.

But, while this is true, it is also true that no result of this campaign will or can be final. It has been said that democracy is on its trial in this election. That is true, and the election is a kind of judgment day. Life is full of judgment days; but we ought never to forget that none of them is the last judgment. If Tammany should be victorious, that is no reason for despair. Bull Run did not give a death-blow to liberty. If Tammany is victorious, democracy will still be on trial, and the question which will then address itself to the citizens of New York will be, Have you the kind of courage that persists in the battle for righteousness, despite temporary defeats?

If, on the other hand, the citizens' movement is victorious and Mr. Low is elected, the campaign for righteousness will be only begun; or, to speak more accurately, the campaign that was begun three years ago will simply have entered on a new and advanced stage. If Mr. Low were sure of the co-operation of all good men, he would still have a very difficult task before him; but, in fact, he will be sure of the organized opposition of both the Republican and Democratic machines. It is probable that the Legislature will be under the control of Mr. Platt, or at least under the joint control of Mr. Platt and Mr. Croker; and although it may be hoped that, if Mr. Low's election should be by a large plurality, Mr. Platt's power in the State Legislature will be somewhat weakened, it will still be true that the supplementary legislation which may be required to correct defects in the Charter will probably be refused; and Mr. Low and those associated with him may count themselves very fortunate if, in executing the provisions of the Charter, they do not find themselves hampered by legislation devised for that express purpose. The defeat of Mr. Low, should he be defeated, will not be the final defeat of municipal reform; but neither will the victory, should he be victorious, be a final victory for municipal reform. In this world nothing is final. The result, whether

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of defeat or of victory, should be, in the mind and the spirit of the reformers, the same. In either case they should take new courage to equip themselves for a new battle; only in one case they will have to fight over again the old issue, while in the other, from the vantage-ground of one victory, they will go on to fight a new battle against the same forces of combined lawlessness and despotism.

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President Eliot and Education

The theme of the paper which appears elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook on "The Function of Education in Democratic Society," and the eminence of the writer, President Eliot, of Harvard University, combine to make this important contribution one of very wide interest. Dr. Eliot easily ranks as one of the three or four most eminent and influential leaders in the educational progress of the United States. That progress is nowhere illustrated more notably than in the gradual improvements which have taken place in Harvard University during his quarter of a century of administration. During that time it has grown in the number of its students and its material equipment. All classes of educational institutions of the United States have similarly grown, including the kindergarten at one extreme and the professional and post-graduate school at the other. The elective system has been introduced into Harvard University in a form so radical that at first it met with vehement opposition, and it is even still looked upon in conservative quarters with suspicion. But it has, nevertheless, made its way into widening acceptance, until now it needs no prophet to see that it will become before long the basis of all education, public and private, secondary and collegiate. Under the influence of this widening of education, it has not, as was at first foreboded by many, become exclusively technical and scientific. On the contrary, the understanding of the English language, some skill in the use of it, and some acquaintance with English literature, have been insisted upon in Harvard University as absolutely essential in every educated man; and in this, doubtless, Harvard University and its President have represented, if they have not led, the best educational thought of our time. The tendency in America, and, for that matter, in England also, toward secularism Dr. Eliot has strenuously resisted. The writer remembers to have heard him once say that no educational system could be successfully carried on without education in morals, and that no education in morals was possible without religious life. In this faith, and owing to it, the religious life of Harvard University has been both broadened and deepened, and it has been demonstrated that it is possible to maintain a great university which shall be neither denominational on the one hand nor irreligious on the other. Nor has President Eliot's interest been confined to university problems. The report on secondary education, by the committee of which he was chairman, is recognized to-day in all educational circles in the United States as an authoritative exposition of the principles upon which the greatest educators agree, and the methods by which secondary education, for its greatest efficiency, must be carried forward. In one element only does his leadership appear to be lacking. The tendency of our times to treat everything in a scientific spirit, to convert literature into philology, morality into ethics, and religion into theology, Harvard University has not wholly escaped. But perhaps this is rather because no man can stem a national current than because President Eliot has failed to see and to deplore this tendency toward an intellectual partialism.

The paper from his pen which this week's Outlook contains embodies in a very compact form his ripest thought on the essential principles of a true education for a democratic community. This is equivalent to saying that it embodies the ripest thought of the foremost educators of the country upon this subject. In details some of his contemporaries would probably disagree with him. None the less, this paper may be regarded as a banner borne at the front of a great educational host, and clearly indicates the direction in which, with different degrees of celerity, it has advanced and is advancing. For this reason it affords a very hopeful augury for the future. For when we know what such an educational prophet as President Eliot thinks respecting the intellectual life of the Nation and the conditions of its development, we know something of what that intellectual life will be, and what direction its development will take.

The paper published in this issue was originally delivered by Dr. Eliot as an address at the public dedication and opening

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of the new Museum Building of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. It derives additional interest from this circumstance; for it was delivered to an audience composed in no small measure of educators, and before an Institute whose function is distinctly that of popular education. We doubt, indeed, whether there is any educational organization in the United States quite like this Brooklyn Institute. It furnishes on an average two lectures a day to the people of Brooklyn—from the first of October to the first of June; lectures which cover every aspect of literature, art, and science. Some of these lectures are wholly popular, others are professional and even technical. Some of the ablest instructors of the country contribute every year to them. Yet the Institute is without any considerable endowment, and depends almost wholly for the means of its operations upon tickets, fees, and small contributions. It is thus democratic in the sources of its supply no less than in the service which it renders.

It is not an insignificant fact that the President of one of the greatest universities of America, if not in the world, should have chosen such a theme as the education for democracy for such a platform as that of the Brooklyn Institute. The occasion, the theme, and the speaker combine to indicate that we are entering upon an era of democratic education, the consummation of which will not be either a charity education for the poor or a teaching of mere rudiments for the many, still less the cultivation in dilettante science and art of a favored few, but the opening of a highway to the best and broadest development of character for the all.

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The Dead-Line

From time to time the phrase "dead-line" appears in discussions of ministerial work, or comments on ministerial habits. The thoughtless reader of these discussions might be led to think that there is one arbitrary dead-line over which a preacher is obliged to pass at a certain age; an invisible line, which marks the transition from a higher to a lower kind of production; a line which registers the flood-tide and reports the beginning of the ebb. There is a possible dead-line in the working life, not only of the preacher, but of every man whose work deals with ideas or beauty, depends in any degree upon inspiration, or has public aspects; but it is not an arbitrary line; it is a line which every man who crosses it draws for himself. The dead-line is not, as we are constantly taught, a matter of destiny; it is a matter of character. It is not a limitation imposed upon us from without; it is a limitation which we impose upon ourselves. For the dead-line is not drawn by time; it is drawn by a man's habits; it begins to define itself the moment a man relaxes his habit of doing his best on every occasion and with every piece of work.

Some men cross the dead-line at thirty; some men never reach it. Mr. Gladstone has never come upon it; Tennyson never saw it; Dr. Martineau has escaped it; Dr. Furness was ignorant of it; Dr. Mark Hopkins did not reach it. These are, or were, very old men; they suffered the inevitable decline of force which comes, not with what is sometimes called old age, but with the years beyond eighty; but none of them ceased to grow; none of them gave up the oars and floated on the tide; none of them parted with his interest in life. There was no point in the career of these great leaders when the doing of a thing as well as it could be done became a matter of indifference. When freshness is lost in routine, and first-hand dealing with a subject or a situation is exchanged for customary dealing with it, a man's power begins to ebb. This may be at thirty, at forty, at fifty; whenever a man rests on his reputation, trusts to the work he has done, counts on his skill to take the place of fresh preparation, he enters upon his decline. That decline may be concealed for a time, but there are no successful concealments in life; and soon the impression begins to define itself that the man has lost his hold. It is a tragic hour when a man turns the hand on the dial back because the days are no longer joyous with the sense of work well done; when he says to himself, "I have done enough; henceforth I will spend what I have gotten." It is well known that old age begins for most men when exercise, recreation, and the usual interests are given up; if a man keeps up his vocations and avocations, the hardening and stiffening of the muscles, mental and physical, are indefinitely postponed. In like manner, growth ends for most men, not when a certain year comes, but when a man consents to stop growing. God wills that we shall be free, but we fail to fulfill his purpose because we take it for granted that the limitations of life are inevitable. Some of them are; most of them are not.

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A World Temperance Meeting

From a Staff Correspondent

Toronto was the best possible place to hold the Convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In no city of its size in the world would so warm a welcome have been accorded to a body of women advocating a radical position on the temperance question. In fact, Topeka, Kansas, is probably the only other city of any considerable size where the general body of the public would have indorsed so heartily the Convention's work. One of the first incidents the writer saw at the Convention building was a Toronto *Alderman* escorting the delegate from Iceland and the delegate from Japan to a carriage! Think of a New York Alderman showing similar attention to delegates to a similar convention! Yet this Toronto Alderman, I learned, was in no way identified with the extreme temperance wing of the Board. In fact, his views on the temperance question hardly came up to the average standard of the body. A Prohibition Alderman attracts no more attention in Toronto than a saloon-keeping Alderman in one of our own Continental cities. In Toronto the Continental immigrants are weak in numbers and weaker in influence. In our own country the votes on prohibitory amendments have shown that a majority of our native white population supports prohibition despite the fact that many sincere temperance men are deterred therefrom by the difficulty of enforcing prohibitory laws in cities where immigrant voters are in the majority. In Ontario there are no such cities to occasion a division of opinion in the temperance ranks. The result is that among the serious and self-respecting middle class there is practical unanimity of sentiment in favor of the complete suppression of the saloons.

The favorable attitude of public sentiment toward the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was to me one of the most interesting features of the Convention. At the banquet given to the delegates on Friday night, one of the speakers was the Hon. A. S. Hardy, the Premier of Ontario. His presence and address, however, were less notable inasmuch as he is a Liberal leader; and in Canada, as in England, the party which favors free trade in necessities and comforts is the party which favors no trade in the things which injure the community. Another speaker at the banquet had no such party bias in favor of the work of the Woman's Temperance Union. This was the Hon. George W. Foster, one of the influential members of the last Conservative Ministry. Mr. Foster's address was as significant as his presence. He described at some length the way in which temperance instruction was made compulsory in the Ontario schools through the efforts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and expressed his hearty agreement with the Union that the cause of temperance was best promoted by teaching children the importance of total abstinence. Mr. Foster's cordial indorsement of this branch of the work of the Woman's Temperance Union, together with the fact that some of the recent temperance text-books on physiology have won the commendation of men who care for science as well as for temperance, made me realize that again, in the field of education, the weak things of this world had confounded the mighty. Even before the prejudiced bar of American legislative opinion, the conscience of the women has nearly everywhere triumphed over the "science" of educational experts. Another of the speakers was Father Ryan, who came as the representative of the Archbishop of Toronto. Now, the Catholic Church of Toronto contains the bulk of the immigrant population, but this population, fortunately for the temperance cause, is largely Irish, and the Archbishop is in sympathy with the temperance work of the better part of the Irish Catholic clergy. Not only did Father Ryan express the Archbishop's approval of the temperance principles of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, but he declared that the Archbishop himself had administered the pledge to thousands of children, and required throughout the diocese that when a child took the first communion he should pledge himself to total abstinence until he reached the age of twenty-one.

The prejudices of Toronto in favor of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union were more than justified by the Convention. Miss Willard as a presiding officer was something of a revelation to me. I had read some of her published letters and reports, and, to speak frankly, had not cared for them. They

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were full of feeling which did not always communicate itself to the reader through the cold type; and expressions of feeling which do not communicate themselves are about the worst of bad reading. With Miss Willard in person, talking in the same way, the effect was totally different. It was all so simple and sincere that the whole audience was hers at all times. In the Convention Miss Willard embodied Napoleon's ideal of imperialism. She was absolute ruler by the will of the ruled.

Her address was a report of decided progress in every part of the English-speaking world, of newly but strongly established work in Greater Scandinavia from Iceland to Finland, and of a foothold obtained wherever there are English missionaries. The vitally interesting portion of her address related, of course, to the proposed regulation of prostitution in connection with the English military establishments in the East. This was a matter which came up more than once during the Convention, and the feeling expressed was always that which Miss Willard voiced in her address. There was cordial and even loving recognition of Lady Henry Somerset's devotion to the cause of temperance, purity, and peace, for which the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union stands. But there was absolutely unanimous and whole-souled rejection of the suggestion of the military circles by which Lady Henry Somerset is surrounded, that it is "practicable" for the State to advance purity by protecting impurity against its natural punishment.

The picturesque session of the Convention was that held Saturday afternoon. The hall was circled seven times around with the polyglot petition for the suppression of the traffic in intoxicants and opiates. Even these seven circles around the walls and the galleries did not exhaust this petition with seven million names, but great stretches of it were in rolls on the platform. The afternoon was largely devoted to the presentation of delegates from every quarter of the globe. Miss Willard's grace and tact as a presiding officer were exemplified in her introductions of the delegates, and their brief remarks were received with the most exhilarating enthusiasm. Those from England and the English Colonies came first, and what they said was full of encouragement, though the English delegates brought out sharply how much stronger were the social forces on the side of drinking in Great Britain than here. The absence of drunkenness among women on the streets of American cities was as impressive to them as the presence of drunkenness among women on the streets of London is to visitors from America. The English and Colonial delegates, however, though they reported the greatest strength for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, did not arouse the enthusiasm of the Convention to its highest point. The scenes of the Convention were when, in their native costumes, the delegates from Iceland and Japan and Armenia were presented. Their Unions were not strong, but the sentiment for internationality which, with increasing force as the ages run, enters into every great movement, found here its expression. That pioneers were working everywhere for their cause was felt by every one as a source of strength. Indeed, Miss Willard expressed an ineradicable human sentiment when she rejoiced that, counting the natives of the Orient, a majority of mankind are already on the side of total abstinence. A healthy conscience does not know sectarianism.

With the exception of the delegate from Armenia, the pioneers in new fields were not speech-makers, but the consciousness that they were pioneers was sufficient to kindle the emotions of that sympathetic audience. When Miss Willard introduced the young delegate from Iceland, and told how she, the Premier's niece, had ridden alone over the island advocating the cause of total abstinence, the Convention fairly thrilled with feeling. When the delegate herself, in addressing young women at a later meeting, told, simply and modestly, how at first she had ridden forty miles just to get one person to consider joining the work, there was a spontaneous cheer. It was no wonder that the Union already enrolled three hundred and fifty adults in the little island. The Spanish delegate received an ovation no less striking, though she said practically nothing. When Miss Willard introduced her as a young Master of Arts, *cum laude*, of the University of Madrid, the students from Toronto College, who filled a large part of one of the galleries, gave a great hurrah for their Spanish comrade, in which, needless to say, the rest of the Convention joined.

Saturday evening was pre-eminently the speech-making occasion of the Convention. There was as remarkable a succession of good speeches as the writer had ever listened to. For years he had believed in woman's suffrage, but had sometimes been obliged to fall back upon his fundamental conviction that political

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duties educate, and that a society in which all were educated regarding political duties would have more public spirit and intelligence than one in which a half are ignorant and indifferent. But after the Saturday night meeting at Toronto he felt as if he might take bolder ground. Singularly enough, two of the best of these speeches came from colored women—the class whose enfranchisement, from other than educational reasons, is least desirable. Mrs. Booker Washington, of Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, and Mrs. Thurman, the National Superintendent of Work among Colored People, both made addresses which were effective throughout, and at times were eloquent. The stirring address of the evening, however, was that of Mrs. Leonora Lake, the Fraternal Delegate of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society. This Irish woman is a born crator, who was born again a better one when her heart was enlisted in the temperance cause. When she said that it was not indifference to home and children, but concern for them, not ambition, but conscience, which made women speak in public for temperance, the heart of the audience felt the truth of this.

In the two remaining sessions which the writer had an opportunity to attend, there was no such oratory as on Saturday evening, but, with a single exception, there was no speech in which the theatrical element was present. Furthermore, the only speech that jarred did not come from a woman officially representing the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Their delegates seemed to be a body of modest, womanly women, and to be lifted up intellectually as well as morally above the mass of women's clubs by enthusiasm for a great cause which called forth the best qualities of their natures.

C. B. S.

Henry George: Personal Impressions

By Thomas G. Shearman

A great prophet has fallen. "The Prophet of San Francisco" was a title conferred upon him in irony by the Duke of Argyll, many years ago; but the title thus conferred in irony has remained as a serious fact. The plain, poor man, who for so many years was the subject of witless jests and pompous censures, whose life-work has often been met with refutations which did not refute, but more often with the cheap sneers of supercilious ignorance, has suddenly fallen, a voluntary sacrifice in the cause of humanity; and the whole American people, indeed the whole English-speaking world, instantly recognize the greatness, the simplicity, the broad human sympathy, the intellectual power, and the lofty moral nature of the man.

The editors of The Outlook have asked me to give my own impressions of the man. But his work was so inseparable from himself that, without some reference to the work, nothing could be said about the man. For his whole heart and soul and life were wrapped up in his work. Wrung to the heart by the awful problems of human life and human suffering—seeing deeply into these problems and feeling intensely the misery involved in them—losing faith in God when these problems appeared to be insoluble—pondering upon them for years, until he found that which he believed to be a solution—his whole life was dedicated to giving to others the light which filled his own soul.

The work to which he thus gave all his life was to "justify the ways of God to man," and, in doing this, to open the eyes of men to see the road, which to him seemed so plain, to universal justice, peace, and freedom. It was a supremely religious work, undertaken in the highest religious spirit—indeed, in the spirit of one of the old Hebrew prophets. In profound religious feeling, in the solemn conviction that he had received a revelation from God, in the absolute assurance of its truth and importance, in the poetic eloquence with which he expressed it, and in the fire which melted all in a glowing furnace of thought and words, he had a full portion of the spirit of both the first and the second Isaiah.

"Beware of the man of one book," said a wise man, often quoted. The saying referred to the man who has so absorbed one and only one book that it has become part of himself. But it is equally true of the man who has poured his whole soul into one book, of his own writing, after having filled his heart and mind with light and knowledge. Henry George wrote much, and always well. But, after all, everything which he had to

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say can be found, in essence, in one book. The man himself is there.

And, therefore, any one who desires to know what the man was need only read the book. Simple, clear, direct, profoundly religious, profoundly sympathetic with the whole human race, tender towards the ignorance and errors of the poor and unlearned, blazing with prophetic indignation against conscious oppression or hypocrisy—these are characteristic alike of the book and the man. I never met a more thoroughly sincere, pure, direct, unselfish man, or one more truly noble in all his thoughts, motives, and actions. I have never known a man more full of religion or more free from superstition. His whole soul was absorbed in his mission. What he should eat, what he should drink, wherewithal he should be clothed or housed, were to him matters of entire unconcern. Yet he had no trace in him of the hermit or ascetic. He knew how to be abased and how to abound. He was equally at home and at ease in the house of poverty or the house of wealth. He fully recognized that a rich man was just as good as a poor man. That the rich man should or could be any *better* than the poorest, or entitled to any greater privileges, was an idea which did not occur to his mind.

Although thus absorbed in a mission, his conception of that mission was so large that he was full of active interest in all human affairs. Vast as was the importance, in his view, of the one remedy which he advocated, he never looked upon it as anything but a means to an end. The end which he sought was the brotherhood of man, under the Fatherhood of God. Therefore he was always eager to promote peace and good will among all nations, and was among the first to resist the infatuation which seized our country in 1895, when we were about to plunge into war for the purpose of perpetuating the odious despotisms of Central America. On the other hand, he was always keenly interested in all the innocent events of daily human life. Nothing human was foreign to him.

He was a true genius. No doubt his genius was confined within a limited range; but within that range it was most remarkable. No book on economic questions can be compared with his in point of lucidity, beauty of style, choice of words, directness, power of illustration, eloquence, or force. Moreover, his insight into dark and difficult problems, the solution of which finally depends upon a multitude of complicated facts, was something marvelous. On first reading his book, I thought some of his most important statistical inferences unsustained by the facts; and as he gave no statistics and evidently had none, I remained for some years unconvinced by his reasoning. The authority of Mr. Gladstone and other masters of statistics was brought to bear against him on these points with such effect that he began to doubt himself whether his intuitions had been correct. But when his opponents ventured to give in statistics what they called a "crushing" refutation, their own figures proved conclusively that on these points Mr. George had been absolutely right, and that his intuitions, which had grown out of wide observation of facts, long study of principles, and close logical reasoning, were far more true than the mechanical inferences of mere dry statisticians. This was a triumph of genius in the very field which, of all others, is commonly supposed to have no room for genius. It was a brilliant proof that it is far safer to rely upon that which "must be" than on that which "is."

The sweet, lovable nature of the man captivated all who came in touch with him. Bitterly assailed, belied, insulted, sneered at, the meanest motives often imputed to him by penny-a-liners and eagerly repeated by more respectable persons, sometimes betrayed and slandered by those who had been professedly his warmest friends, he never uttered a harsh word or seemed to have a harsh feeling on this account. Yet he was capable of stern judgment and stinging censure, as the distinguished philosopher who humbly recanted his early utterances when he found them likely to be put into practical application had excellent reason to know. But all his anger was reserved for those who knowingly betrayed the cause of humanity; he had none to bestow upon his personal enemies.

There are no privileges of my life which I count greater than that of having loved and been loved by two of the noblest, purest, and most inspired men of our age. Widely differing in their spheres, their genius, their gifts, and their methods, yet their purpose was one. That purpose was to establish the kingdom of God in the hearts and lives of all men, here and now, even in this present world. I thank God that, from the first moment of our acquaintance to the last, without waiting for "Death, the great revealer," to reveal anything to me, I fully appreciated, loved, and honored Henry Ward Beecher and Henry George.

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The Spectator

The Spectator is not going to attempt a description of Norwegian scenery. The best pen-pictures of nature are but poor portraits of nature, and his pen-pictures would not be of the best. There are, however, certain characteristics of Norway which may be hinted at in a prosaic fashion.

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The first of these features is the combination of rugged mountain and water. The mountains are not, perhaps, more rugged than the Rockies, though they are quite as precipitous, and in places quite as barren of verdure, and as desolate, or would be but for their crystal setting. But while the Rockies are almost absolutely waterless, the Norwegian mountains are set in the midst of the sea, and wear lakes for bracelets and cascades for silver chains. Imagine Venice with shores not ornamented with ancient palaces of Doges or modernized shops, but with mountain-sides rising, some of them sheer and naked rock, some clad with trees or with a coarse grassy verdure, from one thousand to five thousand feet above the water's edge. Imagine the ocean, not in human-made canals, but in God-created channels, now a great lake five miles across, now a tortuous narrow channel, from quarter to half a mile in width, with ocean steamers in lieu of gondolas, and you may get some faint conception of the Norwegian coast. Or, have you ever sailed up the Hudson from New York to Albany? Imagine half a score of such rivers; imagine the Palisades and the Highlands extending the entire length of the river; double the height of the mountains; make the narrow passes for the river half the width of the Hudson, and the broader bays double the present width; in short, extend the Highlands of the Hudson into hundreds of miles, and multiply all its magnitudes by two or three, and you will form some faint conception of the Norwegian coast.

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But Norway is not merely a congeries of mountains cast into the depths of the sea, or rather pushed up from its depths; its inland valleys are filled with fresh water, as its outer valleys with sea water. It is as if the whole mountainous bottom of the ocean had been suddenly pushed by Odin's hand high in air, and the imprisoned water remained in the deep valleys to bear witness to the ocean birth of this extraordinary country. In going from Copenhagen across the country to the western coast, you sail in a steamer for eight hours, through a chain of lakes connected by rapid rivers which man, by a series of locks, has made navigable. In going from Stavanger across country to Odde, you ascend 1,400 feet from the sea and come upon Lake Roldal, at that altitude a lake quite large enough for steamboat navigation. And if you were to climb any one of the hills which environ it, another 1,400 feet, there you would find other valleys, great pockets in the rocks, serving as eyries for other lakes and lakelets.

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And yet we cannot apply to these lakes the figure of Michelet, who speaks of the Swiss lakes as the eyes of Switzerland. The rocks are too precipitous, the valleys too narrow and too deep-sunken. Only here and there do they sparkle in the sun. Into some of them the sun reaches only for an hour or two in summer, and in winter not at all. Dark are they and cavernous, and as one enters certain of them, especially if the clouds are gathering in black masses on the mountain-tops above, he thinks instinctively of Dante's Inferno. If these are eyes, they are deep-sunken, and almost hidden beneath the overhanging eyebrows. As a result, Norway is the land of cascades. In Switzerland the mountains are peaks. They hold the water only in the form of snow; it moves down their sides only in rushing avalanches or in slow but irresistible glaciers. But in Norway the mountains are largely tablelands, with valleys above valleys, like roofs above roofs, and in every valley a lake, and, therefore, down every steep hillside a cataract. Every new turn of your road as you ride, every change in your steamer's course as you sail, brings into view a new ribbon of lace flung as with a careless hand from the heights above. We counted at one point on the Sogne Fjord eight such cascades within sight from our steamer's deck at the same moment.

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We shall never forget one memorable walk down the Nerodal—*i. e.*, Nero valley, which

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leads, a deep and narrow gorge, from the Stalheim hotel to the Nero Fjord. The western sun was throwing its long, slanting beams down this ravine as we walked, the foaming river on one side of us, the precipitous wall of rock inclosing it on either side. And, so shining, it illuminated the lace ribbons which hung here and there over the dark, rocky walls. As our walk changed our point of view, or as the moving sun changed the angle at which its rays fell upon the water, first one, then another, of these delicate cataracts were converted into rainbows, as though nature had suddenly exchanged the ribbon of white lace for one of the most delicate changeable silk. One of them, falling, as we afterwards learned, a sheer five hundred feet before it touched again the protruding rock far above our head, seemed to fall into a brilliant flame of fire, and be consumed as it fell, before our eyes.

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With this characteristic must be mentioned another equally distinguishing—the brilliance of the colors. Such greens and blues in the water; such browns and grays and reds, and every variety of green, on the rugged mountain-sides! We met an English artist who told us that, as the result of his first experimenting, he had been compelled to throw aside his English colors and seek a new and more brilliant assortment; and that when he got back to England, and looked at his pictures in England's soberer clime, he was startled by their brilliance. The Norwegian art, as we saw it in one studio and in two art galleries, was notable for the strong colors; but they were not stronger than those which Nature had used in her original painting. Norway is a land of clouds and sunshine, constantly succeeding each other. And this play of light and shadow adds to the brilliance of the color effects. Now the valley in which you are driving or sailing is brilliant in color, and the cascade at your side is a rainbow. In ten minutes all is changed; the dark masses of cloud have come up suddenly from behind one of the hills, the sun is hidden, the sunlight is gone, the heavy rain veils the distant view, and you yourself are enveloped in a gloom as deep and awe-inspiring as the glory which preceded was splendid and entrancing.

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And both the gloom and the glory are enhanced by the patches of cultivation and the evidences of life and home in most unexpected places. High up on the mountain-side, where we would hardly expect a goat to climb, are patches of arable land; and wherever there is a patch of arable land it is under cultivation. Our party, descending a mountain road, and taking a short cut from one zigzag to another a couple of hundred feet below it, had to climb, part of the way literally on our hands and feet, down a slope as steep as the sloping roof of a New England farm-house, where only a few days or weeks before the indefatigable farmer had gathered a crop of barley, whose stubble added to the slipperiness of our precarious way. The field, if such it could be called, never could have been plowed. From some of these mountain meadows the hay can be gotten to the valley only by being bound in bundles and sent down on a long wire stretched from the mountain plateau to the valley, eight hundred or a thousand feet below. These wire means of transportation one often meets in Norway. At other points the farm, with large outbuildings, giving all the indications of prosperity, is perched upon a plateau a thousand feet above the lake or the fjord, and accessible only by a clamber quite too steep for any wheeled vehicle. Frequently one meets a peasant woman carrying the milk or cheese or butter to market in packages dependent from a wooden yoke which she wears upon her shoulders. The pathway down which she has to come is too steep and rough even for the sure-footed mountain pony. We could not but wish that we might carry to some of these Norwegian valleys some of the grumbling farmers from the fertile plains of our great West, that they might see out of what hard conditions a Norwegian farmer compels prosperity. For that they are reasonably prosperous is attested by their comfortable houses and great barns, rivaling in magnitude those of the Pennsylvania farmer, in their almost invariably good-natured and smiling faces, and in the almost entire absence of any beggary or any appearance of pauperism.

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An extraordinary argument for Sunday opening was quoted by one of the speakers recently at a temperance convention. He related that at a public meeting once held in Coventry an orator urged that public-houses should be opened at noon on Sunday, in order that workingmen should have an opportunity of discussing together the sermons they had heard in the morning. The ingenuity of thirsty souls knows no limits.—*Westminster Gazette.*

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CHARLES W. ELIOT, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

From a photograph by Pach Brothers.

See the editorial, "President Eliot and Education," on another page.

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The Function of Education in Democratic Society[1]

By Charles W. Eliot, LL.D.

President of Harvard University

WHAT the function of education shall be in a democracy will depend on what is meant by democratic education.

Too many of us think of education for the people as if it meant only learning to read, write, and cipher. Now, reading, writing, and simple ciphering are merely the tools by the diligent use of which a rational education is to be obtained through years of well-directed labor. They are not ends in themselves, but means to the great end of enjoying a rational existence. Under any civilized form of government, these arts ought to be acquired by every child by the time it is nine years of age. Competent teachers, or properly conducted schools, now teach reading, writing, and spelling simultaneously, so that the child writes every word it reads, and, of course, in writing spells the word. Ear, eye, and hand thus work together from the beginning in the acquisition of the arts of reading and writing. As to ciphering, most educational experts have become convinced that the amount of arithmetic which an educated person, who is not some sort of computer, needs to make use of is but small, and that real education should not be delayed or impaired for the sake of acquiring a skill in ciphering which will be of little use either to the child or to the adult. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, then, are not the goal of popular education.

The goal in all education, democratic or other, is always receding before the advancing contestant, as the top of a mountain seems to retreat before the climber, remoter and higher summits appearing successively as each apparent summit is reached. Nevertheless, the goal of the moment in education is always the acquisition of knowledge, the training of some permanent capacity for productiveness or enjoyment, and the development of character. Democratic education being a very new thing in the world, its attainable objects are not yet fully perceived. Plato taught that the laborious classes in a model commonwealth needed no education whatever. That seems an extraordinary opinion for a great philosopher to hold; but, while we wonder at it, let us recall that only one generation ago in our Southern States it was a crime to teach a member of the laborious class to read. In feudal society education was the privilege of some of the nobility and clergy, and was one source of the power of these two small classes. Universal education in Germany dates only from the Napoleonic wars; and its object has been to make intelligent soldiers and subjects rather than happy freemen. In England the system of public instruction is but twenty-seven years old. Moreover, the fundamental object of democratic education—to lift the whole population to a higher plane of intelligence, conduct, and happiness—has not yet been perfectly apprehended even in the United States. Too many of our own people think of popular education as if it were only a protection against dangerous superstitions, or a measure of police, or a means of increasing the national productiveness in the arts and trades. Our generation may therefore be excused if it has but an incomplete vision of the goal of education in a democracy.

I proceed to describe briefly the main elements of instruction and discipline in a democratic school. As soon as the easy use of what I have called the tools of education is gained, and even while this familiarity is being gained, the capacities for productiveness and enjoyment should begin to be trained through the progressive acquisition of an elementary knowledge of the external world. The democratic school should begin early—in the very first grades—the study of nature; and all its teachers should, therefore, be capable of teaching the elements of physical geography, meteorology, botany, and zoölogy, the whole forming in the child's mind one harmonious sketch of its complex environment. This is a function of the primary-school teacher which our fathers never thought

[1] An Address delivered before the Brooklyn Institute on October 2, 1897.

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of, but which every passing year brings out more and more clearly as a prime function of every instructor of little children. Somewhat later in the child's progress toward maturity the great sciences of chemistry and physics will find place in its course of systematic training. From the seventh or eighth year, according to the quality and capacity of the child, plane and solid geometry, the science of form, should find a place among the school studies, and some share of the child's attention that great subject should claim for six or seven successive years. The process of making acquaintance with external nature through the elements of these various sciences should be interesting and enjoyable for every child. It should not be painful, but delightful, and through it all the child's skill in the arts of reading, writing, and ciphering should be steadily developed.

There is another part of every child's environment with which he should early begin to make acquaintance—namely, the human part. The story of the human race should be gradually conveyed to the child's mind from the time he begins to read with pleasure. This story should be conveyed quite as much through biography as through history; and with the descriptions of facts and real events should be entwined charming and uplifting products of the imagination. I cannot but think, however, that the wholly desirable imaginative literature for children remains, in large measure, to be written. The mythologies, Old Testament stories, fairy tales, and historical romances on which we are accustomed to feed the childish mind contain a great deal that is perverse, barbarous, or trivial; and to this infiltration into children's minds, generation after generation, of immoral, cruel, or foolish ideas is probably to be attributed in part the slow ethical progress of the race. The common justification of our practice is that children do not apprehend the evil in the mental pictures with which we so rashly supply them. But what should we think of a mother who gave her child dirty milk or porridge on the theory that the child would not assimilate the dirt? Should we be less careful of mental and moral food-materials? It is, however, as undesirable as it is impossible to try to feed the minds of children only upon facts of observation or record. The immense product of the imagination in art and literature is a concrete fact with which every educated human being should be made somewhat familiar, such products being a very real part of every individual's actual environment.

Into the education of the great majority of children there enters as an important part their contribution to the daily labor of the household and the farm, or at least of the household. It is one of the serious consequences of the rapid concentration of population into cities and large towns, and of the minute division of labor which characterizes modern industries, that this wholesome part of education is less easily secured than it used to be when the greater part of the population was engaged in agriculture. Organized education must, therefore, supply in urban communities a good part of the manual and moral training which the co-operation of children in the work of father and mother affords in agricultural communities. Hence the great importance in any urban population of facilities for training children to accurate hand-work, and for teaching them patience, forethought, and good judgment in productive labor.

Lastly, the school should teach every child, by precept, by example, and by every illustration its reading can supply, that the supreme attainment for any individual is vigor and loveliness of character. Industry, persistence, veracity in word and act, gentleness, and disinterestedness should be made to thrive and blossom during school life in the hearts of the children who bring these virtues from their homes well started, and should be planted and tended in the less fortunate children. Furthermore, the pupils should be taught that what is virtue in one human being is virtue in any group of human beings, large or small—a village, a city, or a nation; that the ethical principles which should govern an empire are precisely the same as those which should govern an individual; and that selfishness, greed, falseness, brutality, and ferocity are as hateful and degrading in a multitude as they are in a single savage.

The education thus outlined is what I think should be meant by democratic education. It exists to-day only among the most intelligent people, or in places singularly fortunate in regard to the organization of their schools; but though it be the somewhat distant ideal of democratic education, it is by no means an unattainable ideal. It is the reasonable aim of the public school in a thoughtful and ambitious democracy. It, of course, demands a kind of teacher much above the

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elementary-school teacher of the present day; and it also requires a larger expenditure upon the public school than is at all customary as yet in this country. But that better kind of teacher and that larger expenditure are imperatively called for if democratic institutions are to prosper and to promote continuously the real welfare of the mass of the people. The standard of education should not be set at the now attained or the now attainable. It is the privilege of public education to press toward a mark remote.

From the total training during childhood there should result in the child a taste for interesting and improving reading, which should direct and inspire its subsequent intellectual life. That schooling which results in this taste for good reading, however unsystematic or eccentric the schooling may have been, has achieved a main end of elementary education; and that schooling which does not result in implanting this permanent taste has failed. Guided and animated by this impulse to acquire knowledge and exercise his imagination through reading, the individual will continue to educate himself all through life. Without that deep-rooted impulsion he will soon cease to draw on the accumulated wisdom of the past and the new resources of the present; and, as he grows older, he will live in a mental atmosphere which is always growing thinner and emptier. Do we not all know many people who seem to live in a mental vacuum—to whom, indeed, we have great difficulty in attributing immortality, because they apparently have so little life except that of the body? Fifteen minutes a day of good reading would have given any one of this multitude a really human life. The uplifting of the democratic masses depends on this implanting at school of the taste for good reading.

Another important function of the public school in a democracy is the discovery and development of the gift or capacity of each individual child. This discovery should be made at the earliest practicable age, and, once made, should always influence, and sometimes determine, the education of the individual. It is for the interest of society to make the most of every useful gift or faculty which any member may fortunately possess; and it is one of the main advantages of fluent and mobile democratic society that it is more likely than any other society to secure the fruition of individual capacities. To make the most of any individual's peculiar power, it is important to discover it early, and then train it continuously and assiduously. It is wonderful what apparently small personal gifts may become the means of conspicuous service or achievement, if only they get discovered, trained, and applied. A quick eye for shades of color enables a blacksmith to earn double wages in sharpening drills for quarrymen. A delicate sense of touch makes the fortune of a wool-buyer. An extraordinarily perceptive forefinger gives a surgeon the advantage over all his competitors. A fine voice, with good elocution and a strong memory for faces and parliamentary rules, may give striking political success to a man otherwise not remarkable. In the ideal democratic school no two children would follow the same course of study or have the same tasks, except that they would all need to learn the use of the elementary tools of education—reading, writing, and ciphering. The different children would hardly have any identical needs. There might be a *mimimum standard of attainment* in every branch of study, but no maximum. The perception or discovery of the individual gift or capacity would often be effected in the elementary school, but more generally in the secondary; and the making of these discoveries should be held one of the most important parts of the teacher's work. The vague desire for equality in a democracy has worked great mischief in democratic schools. There is no such thing as equality of gifts, or powers, or faculties, among either children or adults. On the contrary, there is the utmost diversity; and education and all the experience of life increase these diversities, because school, and the earning of a livelihood, and the reaction of the individual upon his surroundings, all tend strongly to magnify innate diversities. The pretended democratic school with an inflexible programme is fighting not only against nature, but against the interests of democratic society. Flexibility of programme should begin in the elementary school, years before the period of secondary education is reached. There should be some choice of subjects of study by ten years of age; and much variety by fifteen years of age. On the other hand, the programmes of elementary as well as of secondary schools should represent fairly the chief divisions of knowledge—namely, language and literature, mathematics, natural science, and history, besides drawing, manual work, and music. If school programmes fail to represent the main varieties of intellectual activity, they will not

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afford the means of discovering the individual gifts and tendencies of the pupils.

As an outcome of successful democratic education, certain habits of thought should be well established in the minds of all the children before any of them are obliged to leave school in order to help in the support of the family. In some small field each child should acquire a capacity for exact observation, and as a natural result of this acquirement it should come to admire and respect exact observation in all fields. Again, in some small field it should acquire the capacity for exact description, and a respect for exact description in all fields. And, lastly, it should attain, within the limited range of its experience and observation, the power to draw a justly limited inference from observed facts. I need not say that this power of just inference is an admirable one, which many adults never attain as the combined result of their education in childhood and their experience in after life. Yet democratic institutions will not be safe until a great majority of the population can be trusted, not only to observe accurately and state precisely the results of observation, but also to draw just inferences from those results. The masses of the people will always be liable to dangerous delusions, so long as their schools fail to teach the difference between a true cause and an event preceding or accompanying a supposed effect. Thus a year ago our Nation came to the very brink of a terrible disaster, because millions of our people thought the fall in the price of silver during the past twenty years was the cause of the fall in price of many other American products; whereas the prime cause of the general fall of prices, including the price of silver, was the immense improvement which has taken place since the Civil War in the manufacture and distribution of mechanical power—an operating cause which in the near future is going to produce much more striking effects than it has yet produced.

Any one who has attained to the capacity for exact observation and exact description, and knows what it is to draw a correct inference from well-determined premises, will naturally acquire a respect for these powers when exhibited by others in fields unknown to him. Moreover, any one who has learned how hard it is to determine a fact, to state it accurately, and to draw from it the justly limited inference, will be sure that he himself cannot do these things except in a very limited field. He will know that his own personal activity must be limited to a few subjects if his capacity is to be really excellent in any. He will be sure that the too common belief that a Yankee can turn his hand to anything is a mischievous delusion. Having, as the result of his education, some vision of the great range of knowledge and capacity needed in the business of the world, he will respect the trained capacities which he sees developed in great diversity in other people; in short, he will come to respect and confide in the expert in every field of human activity. Confidence in experts, and willingness to employ them and abide by their decisions, are among the best signs of intelligence in an educated individual or an educated community; and in any democracy which is to thrive, this respect and confidence must be felt strongly by the majority of the population. In the conduct of private and corporation business in the United States, the employment of experts is well recognized as the only rational and successful method. No one would think of building a bridge or a dam, or setting up a power station or a cotton-mill, without relying absolutely upon the advice of intelligent experts. The democracy must learn, in governmental affairs, whether municipal, State, or National, to employ experts and abide by their decisions. Such complicated subjects as taxation, finance, and public works cannot be wisely managed by popular assemblies or their committees, or by executive officers who have no special acquaintance with these most difficult subjects. American experience during the last twenty years demonstrates that popular assemblies have become absolutely incapable of dealing wisely with any of these great subjects. A Legislature or a Congress can indicate by legislation the object it wishes to attain; but to devise the means of attaining that object in taxation, currency, finance, or public works, and to expend the money appropriated by the constituted authorities for the object, must be functions of experts. Legislators and executives are changed so frequently under the American system of local representation that few gain anything that deserves to be called experience in legislation or administration; while the few who serve long terms are apt to be so absorbed in the routine work of carrying on the government and managing the party interests that they have no time either for thorough research or for invention. Under present conditions

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neither expert knowledge nor intellectual leadership can reasonably be expected of them. Democracies will not be safe until the population has learned that governmental affairs must be conducted on the same principles on which successful private and corporate business is conducted; and therefore it should be one of the principal objects of democratic education so to train the minds of the children that when they become adult they shall have within their own experience the grounds of respect for the attainments of experts in every branch of governmental, industrial, and social activity, and of confidence in their advice.

The next function of education in a democracy should be the firm planting in every child's mind of certain great truths which lie at the foundation of the democratic social theory. The first of these truths is the intimate dependence of each human individual on a multitude of other individuals, not in infancy alone, but at every moment of life—a dependence which increases with civilization and with the development of urban life. This sense of mutual dependence among multitudes of human beings can be brought home to children during school life so clearly and strongly that they will never lose it. By merely teaching children whence come their food, drink, clothing, and means of getting light and heat, and how these materials are supplied through the labors of many individuals of many races scattered all over the world, the school may illustrate and enforce this doctrine of intricate interdependence, which really underlies modern democracy—a doctrine never more clearly expressed than in these two Christian sentences, "No man liveth to himself," and "We are every one members one of another." The dependence of every family, and indeed every person, on the habitual fidelity of mechanics, purveyors, railroad servants, cooks, and nurses can easily be brought home to children. Another mode of implanting this sentiment is to trace in history the obligations of the present generation to many former generations. These obligations can be easily pointed out in things material, such as highways, water-works, fences, houses, and barns, and, in New England at least, the stone walls and piles of stone gathered from the arable fields by the patient labor of predecessors on the family farm; but it may also be exhibited to the pupils of secondary schools, and in some measure to the pupils of elementary schools, in the burdens and sufferings which former generations have borne for the establishment of freedom of conscience and of speech, and of toleration in religion, and for the development of the institutions of public justice. Of course, history is full of examples of the violation of this fundamental democratic doctrine of mutual help. Indeed, history, as commonly written, consists chiefly in the story of hideous violations of this principle, such as wars and oppressions, and the selfish struggles of class against class, church against church, and nation against nation; but these violations, with the awful sufferings that follow from them, may be made to point and emphasize the truth of the fundamental doctrine; and unless the teaching of history in our public schools does this, it were better that the subject should not be taught at all.

Democratic education should also inculcate on every child the essential unity of a democratic community, in spite of the endless diversities of function, capacity, and achievement among the individuals who compose the community. This is a doctrine kindred with that just mentioned, but not identical. It is a doctrine essential to diffused democratic contentment and self-respect, but materially different from the ordinary conception of equality of conditions as a result of democracy; for unity is attainable, while equality of conditions is unnatural and unattainable. The freedom and social mobility which characterize the democratic State permit, and indeed bring about, striking inequalities of condition; and if the surface of democratic society should be leveled off any day, inequalities would reappear on the morrow, unless individual freedom and social mobility should be destroyed. The children of a democratic society should, therefore, be taught at school with the utmost explicitness, and with vivid illustrations, that inequalities of condition are a necessary result of freedom; but that through all inequalities should flow the constant sense of essential unity in aim and spirit. This unity in freedom is the social goal of democracy, the supreme good of all ranks of society, of the highest no less than of the lowest.

Another ethical principle which a democracy should teach to all its children is the familiar Christian doctrine that service rendered to others is the surest source of one's own satisfaction and happiness. This doctrine is a tap-root of private happiness among all classes and conditions of men; but in a democracy it is important to public happiness

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and well-being. In a democracy the public functionary is not a master, but a trusted servant. By excellence of service he earns not only a pecuniary consideration, but also respect and gratitude. This statement applies just as well to a letter-carrier, a fireman, or a village selectman, as it does to a high-school teacher, a judge, or a governor. Democracy applies literally the precept, "If any man would be great among you, let him be your servant." The quality of this faithful service and its rewards should be carefully taught in school to all children of a democracy. The children should learn that the desire to be of great public service is the highest of all ambitions; and they should be shown in biography and in history how the men and women who, as martyrs, teachers, inventors, legislators, and judges, have rendered great service, have thereby won enduring gratitude and honor.

Since it is a fundamental object of a democracy to promote the happiness and well-being of the masses of the population, the democratic school should explicitly teach children to see and utilize the means of happiness which lie about them in the beauties and splendors of nature. The school should be a vehicle of daily enjoyment, and the teacher should be to the child a minister of joy. Democratic society has already learned how to provide itself, at least in the more intelligent communities, with open grounds in cities, and parks in suburbs, and has in these ways begun to provide directly for the wholesome pleasures of the population. It should be a recognized function of the democratic school to teach the children and their parents how to utilize all accessible means of innocent enjoyment.

Finally, the democratic school must teach its children what the democratic nobility is. The well-trained child will read in history and poetry about patricians, nobles, aristocrats, princes, kings, and emperors, some of them truly noble but many vile; and he will also read with admiring sympathy of the loyalty and devotion which through all the centuries have been felt by generous men and women of humbler condition towards those of higher. He will see what immense virtues these personal loyalties have developed, even when the objects of loyalty have been unworthy; and he will ask himself, What are to be the corresponding virtues in a democracy? The answer is, Fidelity to all forms of duty which demand courage, self-denial, and zeal, and loyal devotion to the democratic ideals of freedom, serviceableness, unity, toleration, public justice, and public joyfulness. The children should learn that the democratic nobility exists, and must exist if democracy is to produce the highest types of character; but that it will consist only of men and women of noble character produced under democratic conditions by the combined influences of fine inherited qualities, careful education, and rich experience. They should learn to admire and respect persons of this quality, and to support them, on occasion, in preference to the ignoble. They should learn that mere wealth has no passport to the democratic nobility; and that membership in it can be transmitted to children only through the transmission of the sound mental and moral qualities which are its sole warrant. This membership should be the rightful ambition of parents for their children, and of children for their future selves. Every person of the true quality, no matter what his station or vocation, is admitted of right to this simple democratic nobility, which home, church, and school unite in recruiting; and there are, consequently, more real nobles under the democratic form of government than under any other.

Processional

By Emerson G. Taylor

Lord, as I enter the way
That Thou for me hast prepared,
Suffer me not, I pray,
To question and dream; but, with doubts unshared,
And the shrill lament over yesterday
To a war-song changed, in battle array,
There let me strive, where some have despaired.

Not in the cloister dim,
Nor along that tortuous way
Where many a teasing dream
Like a goblin light leads scholars astray,
But where men are, in the conflict grim
Of life in the world, may I seek for Him;
Not pausing to doubt, but resting to pray.

There, in the dust and the heat,
With the din of the fight in mine ears,
Let me struggle my Lord to meet;
Daring to hope at the end of the years
For ultimate victory, not defeat—
For the sound of a bugle calling "Retreat"—
When the twilight brings rest to the warriors.

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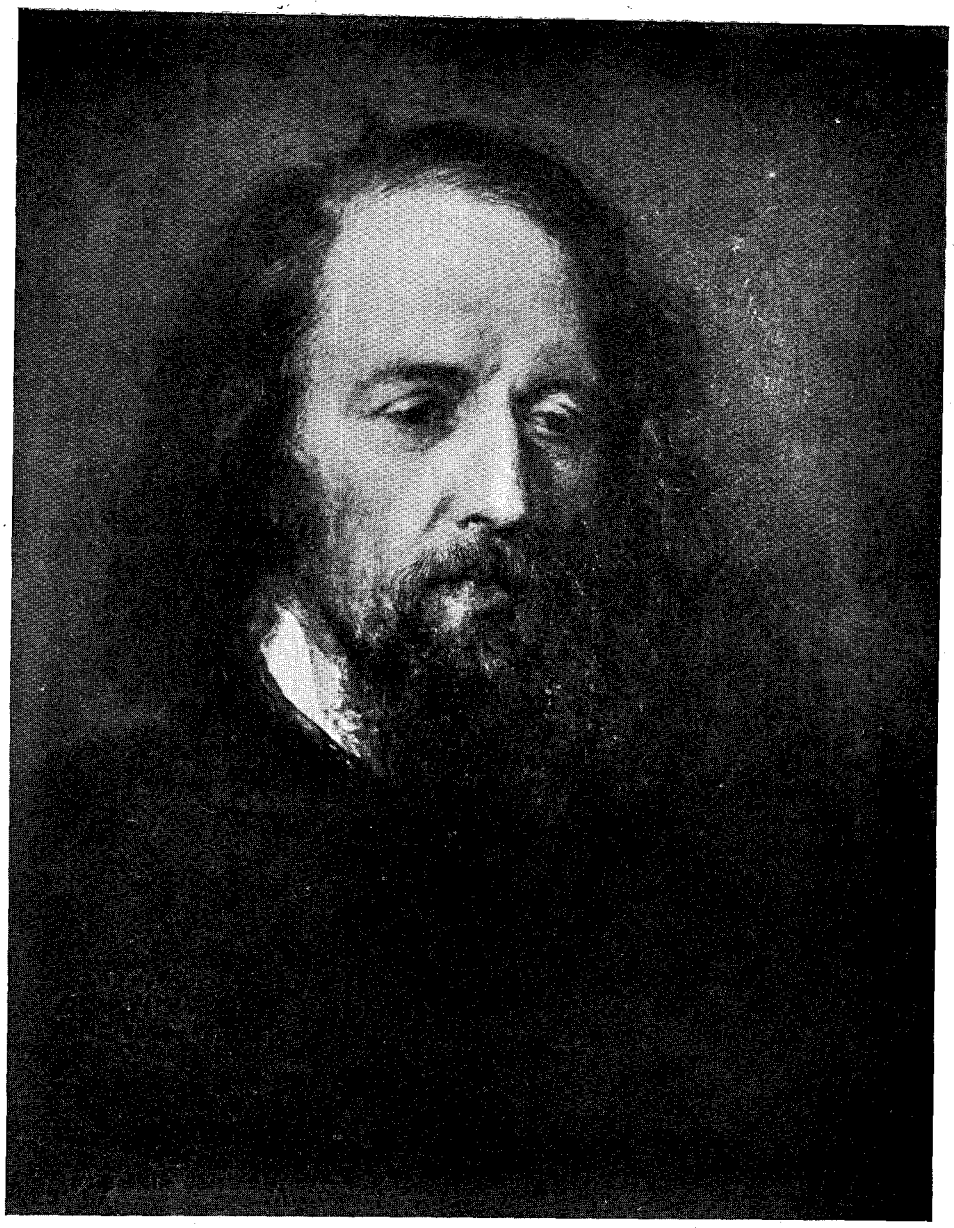

ALFRED TENNYSON
From the painting by G. F. Watts.

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Alfred Tennyson: Poet and Man[1]

By Hamilton W. Mabie

ALFRED TENNYSON valued fame and detested popularity; he was keenly awake to the fact that he was one of the foremost men of his time, but he shrank instinctively from the noise and dust of what may be called a popular reputation. Matthew Arnold, who held mere popularity in similar contempt, once said to Hallam Tennyson, with a touch of humor: "Your father has been our most popular poet for more than forty years, and in my opinion he fully deserves his reputation." In the face of that persistent endeavor to invade his privacy from which all eminent writers in our time suffer, the Poet Laureate succeeded in living a quiet life and keeping himself out of view. He had an Englishman's horror of being seen from the highway, and an artist's dread of having his time wasted and his gift examined as if it were a bit of jugglery or a trick of the hand.

ALFRED TENNYSON

From a photograph by O. G. Rejlander, 1859. This and the other illustrations in this article are reproduced from the Memoir by special permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

So it came about that the foremost poet of his time and the official representative of English literature was rarely seen in public places, and not often talked about in the newspapers. The quality of his reputation is perhaps best indicated by the fact that it was in no sense a newspaper reputation. Of late years especially, the name of Tennyson has had a kind of splendor which no applause, however generous and vast, could have given it; a splendor born of a noble harmony between the man and his art. The whole world came to recognize in the Poet Laureate, as it recognized in Wordsworth and Browning, a devotion to art untainted by the love of praise or of gain. To the vast majority of his contemporaries Tennyson was a great but indistinct figure; they heard his voice, but the man was invisible. To his son there fell, therefore, the difficult and delightful task of lifting the veil which had so long protected his father from the public gaze, and setting in clear light not only an illustrious career but a great character.

The world has, of late years, had so many moments of disillusion that it opens a new biography with reluctant apprehension. No such feeling need keep the lover of Tennyson's verse from the story of Tennyson's life. That story is not only deeply interesting, it is also deeply satisfying. Lord Hallam Tennyson has written what may be called, without exaggeration, a model biography. He has completely revealed his father, and yet he has never in a single instance invaded his privacy; he has told us frankly and fully all that we need or ought to know about the Poet Laureate, and he has told us nothing more. One does not feel about this biography, as one feels about that of Browning, that the real story of the man is still to be told; on the contrary, the portrait of the father by the son is stamped with reality as well as with beauty, and compels the conviction that it brings the man before us as he was in his innermost nature.

There is a kind of ideal symmetry and harmony in the story of this man of genius, which makes his biography a book of consolation and refreshment. Here was a man whose art was the clear and sincere utterance of what was deepest and truest in his nature;

[1] *Alfred, Lord Tennyson.* "A Memoir" by his Son. The Macmillan Company, New York. 2 vols. $10.

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who held with unswerving loyalty to the highest ideals of his art; who did not fear obscurity, and was not corrupted by success; who was a scholar, a thinker, and a gentleman, as well as a poet; and whose life moved onward with deepening current and widening vision to the calmness and serenity of a great and rich old age. Careers so harmonious and fruitful are not so common that the world can afford to remain ignorant of them; and if this memoir were not a disclosure of the development of one of the finest poetic minds in English literature, it would still be worth its weight in gold for the noble ethical implications which flow from it. In the haze of the discussion concerning the life the man of letters ought to live and the kind of work he ought to do, Tennyson's faith and practice shine like a great light on a restless sea. So rich is this memoir in all that goes to the making of a great writer that it ought to be placed as a text-book in the hands of every man or woman who aspires to speak through the forms of literature. At this particular time Tennyson's sanity and poise, his freedom from morbid self-consciousness, his hatred of mere artifice and dexterity, his clear moral vision, are of quite inestimable value. There was a splendid health in him; and health of soul, mind, and body is the deepest need of our time.

It is a fortunate life which is told in these pages; a life, that is, which found conditions favorable to the most complete expansion and expression. It was not an easy, but it was a rich, life. Nothing could have furnished a happier background for a wholesome, imaginative childhood than the Somersby rectory on the peaceful Lincolnshire wold, the church close at hand, the garden, the orchard, the brook telling its story forever to the listening trees; the great family of twelve beautiful boys and girls; the handsome, spirited, generous, and scholarly father, and the gentle and sweet-faced mother; the books on the walls, not so many as to bewilder and confuse the young readers, but all books of substance and vitality. It was a merry group of children who shouted and sang and played games about the rectory almost ninety years ago; full of high spirits, gay, inventive, poetic. And Alfred was not only the handsomest but the brightest of them; his stories were fullest of wonder, adventure, imagination.

It was at a fortunate moment, too, that the boy went to Cambridge and entered Trinity College. The intellectual life of the University was by no means notable for its depth or richness; but a college does not depend entirely on its teachers for inspiration and stimulus; there is often among the undergraduates an enthusiasm and eagerness which are of the highest educational value. Alfred and his brother Charles became members of a group of young men singularly rich in generous gifts. It was a rare good fortune which brought a boy of genius, in his most receptive years, into intimate relations with such men as James Spedding, the future biographer of Bacon; of Trench, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, and a writer of wide knowledge and reputation; of Milnes, long since known to all lovers of literature as Lord Houghton; of Alford, who was to become one of the most distinguished scholars of his time; of Merivale, the future historian; of Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám; of Arthur Hallam, that beautiful and aspiring spirit in whom so many brilliant hopes centered, and whose memory is imperishably intertwined with that of Tennyson. It was a noble company of ardent young men, and Alfred found in them not only intellectual stimulus and companionship, but the most generous admiration. He was already a man of impressive personality; Fitzgerald describes him as a Hyperion, with his fine height and strong frame, his large forehead, dark, wavy hair, his deep eyes and finely cut features. They were great talkers and smokers, and their talk, glancing instinctively at great themes, was impetuous, ardent, enthusiastic. They were passionate lovers of literature; and those who recall kindred years of fellowship in all spiritual and intellectual interests, in those young days when the energies are unspent and vitality is at the flood, will understand how much and how deeply they learned from each other.

Long before the appearance of "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical" in 1830—the first volume upon which Tennyson put his name—faith in his poetic genius had become firmly rooted in the minds of his family and his friends. The bent of his nature was unmistakable, and, although his work was still experimental and tentative, the whole bearing of the man carried with it a convincing conviction of greatness. Two years later a second volume appeared, and English readers felt for the first time the charm of "The Lady of Shalott," "Œnone," "The Palace of Art," and "The Miller's Daughter." The beauty of these pieces seems so obvious to readers of to-day

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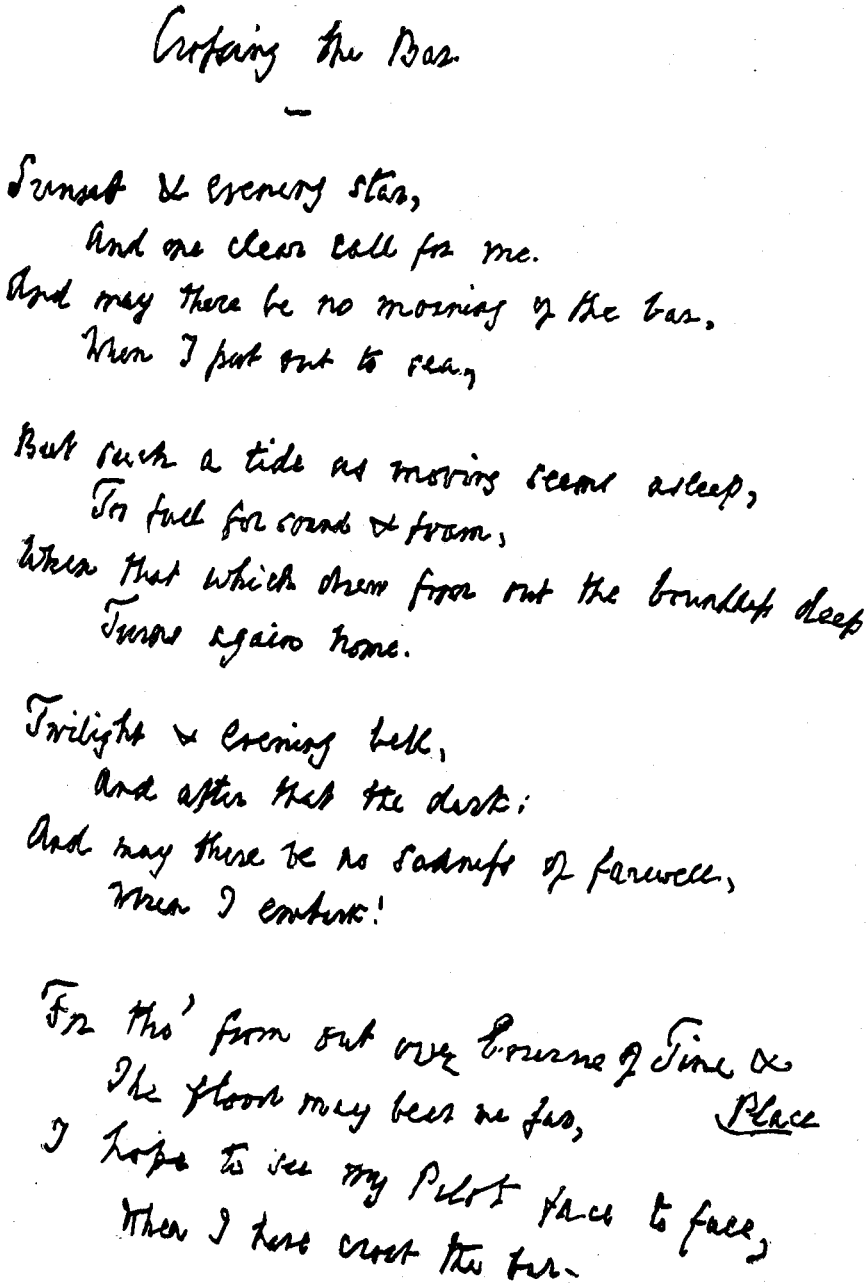
Crossing the Bar.
Sunset & evening star,
And one clear call for me.
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound & foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight & evening bell,
And after that the dark:
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark!
For tho' from out our bourne of Time &
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crost the bar.

"CROSSING THE BAR:" FACSIMILE

that they find it difficult to comprehend the stupidity of the critics who fell foul of them and berated the young poet with old-time brutality of speech. Tennyson was cut to the quick, for he was over-sensitive by nature; and at the height of his fame it is probable that the most shallow and incompetent critic had the power to wound him deeply. The criticism of his friends he seems to have welcomed and heeded; that of his wife he constantly sought; but unfriendly, ignorant, or captious criticism always incensed him out of all proportion to its importance. If it was a weakness, it was the weakness of a high-strung nature, intensely alive to beauty of form as well as of thought, and passionately set to reach perfection of expression.

The tone of depreciation which was audi-

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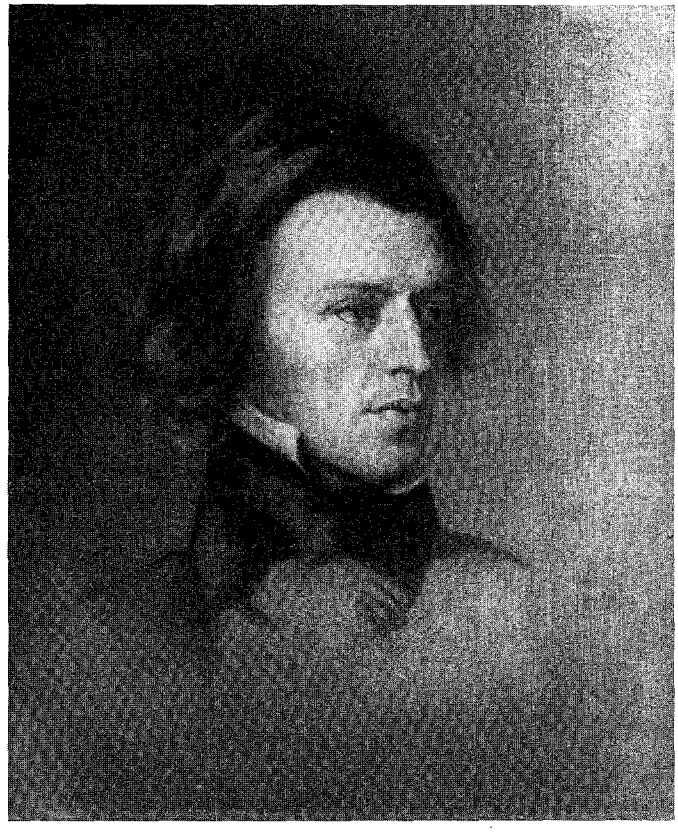

ALFRED TENNYSON

From the portrait painted by Samuel Laurence.

ble in much of the critical comment on the volume of 1832 deeply depressed the young writer, but it was undoubtedly a piece of genuine good fortune. Ten years of silence followed; years of hard work, of deep study, of wide reading, of constant practice of his art. For Tennyson's beautiful ease was gained, as perfection in any form of expression is always gained, by long-sustained work. His art did not come by nature; the faculty was born in him, but its free and musical use was perfected by the constant and searching play of his intelligence upon his gifts and his materials. His ear was naturally keen, but it was patiently and assiduously trained; he had an instinctive feeling for the most subtle and elusive musical effects in words, but it is doubtful if any poet ever studied language for artistic purposes with greater zest and intelligence. Like Wordsworth, he composed his poetry before he wrote it; reciting it aloud as he walked, and testing every word with the ear. This is the secret of those exquisite melodic effects which issue from much of his verse. Most poets write for the eye; Tennyson composed for the ear. He was not afraid of fine workmanship, understanding perfectly that the richer the nature to be expressed, the greater the compass of art required to express it. He hated carelessness, slovenliness, and that kind of indolence which excuses itself from hard work with the plea that nature must have freedom of speech. Tennyson's poetic genius and clear intelligence delivered him from any confusion on this point; he saw that art does not hinder, but fulfills, nature.

The two volumes which appeared in 1842 established Tennyson's reputation beyond the reach of adverse criticism. "Locksley Hall," "The Gardener's Daughter," "Ulysses," "The Two Voices," "Sir Galahad," "Break, Break," and "Morte d'Arthur" brought new tones into English poetry—tones which charmed the lettered and unlettered alike. Five years later came "The Princess," with its exquisite lyrical interludes; and after another interval of three years, in the middle of the century which is so constantly characterized as scientific, materialistic, and ag-

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MRS. TENNYSON

From the portrait at Aldworth, painted by G. F. Watts, R.A.

nostic in its spirit, came "In Memoriam," in certain respects the most significant poem of the Victorian age.

It was fortunate that the task of writing the poet's biography was committed to one who brought to it not only deep filial piety but rare comprehension and sympathy. One searches the pages of Mrs. Orr's life of Browning in vain for any clear disclosure of the religious spirit which dominated the author of "Saul" and shines through his verse with such clearness of conviction and splendor of spiritual vision. Lord Hallam Tennyson sees clearly that the springs of his father's poetry rise out of the depths of his religious conception of life, and he has treated this deeply interesting phase of the poet's character fully and in the freest and most satisfactory way. Tennyson's letters, talk, and unpublished verse are quoted at length to bring into clear light his attitude towards his age on these fundamental questions, and it is doubtful if any recent contribution to the inner spiritual history of the last half of the century has greater value than this memoir; none, certainly, has greater interest.

The earliest hints of "In Memoriam" began to appear in 1833, immediately after Arthur Hallam's death, in the form of short elegiac poems. These lines written in a scrap-book in the early hours of his grief for the death of his friend plainly predict the noble memorial of later years:

> Where is the voice I loved? Ah, where
> Is that dear hand that I would press?
> Lo! the broad heavens cold and bare,
> The stars that know not my distress!
>
> The vapor labors up the sky,
> Uncertain forms are darkly moved!
> Larger than human passes by
> The shadow of the man I loved,
> And clasps his hands, as one that prays.

Here is the true Tennysonian touch, both in thought and form; here is the promise of that magic of style which has so long charmed and refreshed the world. The poet's imagination, brooding over the great questions brought home to him by the death of his friend, expanded his individual experience until it took on the proportions and significance of universal experience, and through the door of his personal sorrow he entered into the sorrows of the world. In "In Memo-

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riam" Tennyson met and settled for himself the fundamental questions of life. Such a crisis comes to every man who thinks, but it rarely takes on such typical importance. The conclusions which Tennyson reached have been accepted by a multitude of those who have felt incompetent to reach conclusions for themselves. For the poet's readers have felt that here was no quick and facile answer to the questions of fate, made out of an easy hopefulness or a temperamental optimism. "In Memoriam" bears evidence, in almost every section, of spiritual struggle, of searching investigation, of profound meditation. The poet was a man of unusually wide intellectual interests; he not only knew literature in many languages, but he knew theology, history, science, and economics. His friends were the foremost men of his time; Carlyle loved him; he counted Maurice and the leaders of the broad school in the English Church among his friends; he talked often and long with Tyndall; he was intimate with Mr. Gladstone for almost half a century. He knew his age on many sides; its moral confusion and social disorder weighed upon him; the grave questions which science asks of faith he faced with clear knowledge; the mystery and anguish of life were in his heart. Out of all this tragic complexity came the clear, penetrating tones of "In Memoriam," and many took heart again; for they said to themselves, "These are the words of one who has partaken of sorrow, who has struggled with doubt, and who feels the full weight of the mystery of life and the world."

Tennyson cared little for dogmatic statements of faith; he cared everything for the reverent, trustful spirit, and the heart of love. "It is impossible," he said, "to imagine that the Almighty will ask you, when you come before Him in the next life, what your particular form of creed was; but the question will rather be, 'Have you been true to yourself, and given in My Name a cup of cold water to one of these little ones?' . . . I hate unfaith, I cannot endure that men should sacrifice everything at the cold altar of what, with their imperfect knowledge, they choose to call truth and reason." A week before his death he said: "I should infinitely rather feel myself the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth with a God above, than the highest type of man standing alone." "Everywhere throughout the universe," writes his son, "he saw the glory and greatness of God, and the science of Nature was particularly dear to him. Every new fact which came within his range was carefully weighed. As he exulted in the wilder aspects of Nature, and reveled in the thunder-storm, so he felt a joy in her orderliness; he felt a rest in her steadfastness, patient progress, and hopefulness; . . . and he had a triumphant appreciation of her ever-new revelations of beauty."

Like all men of imagination, Tennyson had his moods of depression; but they were only moods. In these moments the sorrow and confusion of the world weighed heavily upon him. "And yet," he said in 1892, "God *is* love, transcendent, all-pervading. We do not get *this* faith from Nature or the world. If we look at Nature alone, full of perfection and imperfection, she tells us that God is disease, murder, rapine. We get this faith from ourselves, from what is highest within us, which recognizes that there is not one fruitless pang, just as there is not one lost good." After reading the eighth chapter of Romans, he said that St. Paul clearly recognized in the sorrows of Nature and the miseries of the world a stumbling-block to the divinest idea of God, but these things are necessary preludes to the higher good. He held with almost passionate loyalty to those great ideas on which the Western world has built not only its civilization, but its conception of the spiritual universe and of man's place in it: freedom of the will, integrity of personality, moral responsibility, and individual immortality. "Take away the sense of individual responsibility and men sink into pessimism and despair." The deepest note in his nature was probably struck when he said: "My most passionate desire is to have a clearer and fuller vision of God." Immortality was the inevitable inference of his view of life, and, in its sublime implications, possessed and inspired his imagination. "I can hardly understand," he once said, "how any great, imaginative man, who has deeply lived, suffered, thought, and wrought, can doubt of the Soul's continuous progress in after life." He refused to limit the scope of that infinite mercy which he identified with the great thought of immortality. He declared that he would rather know that he was to be lost eternally than not know that the whole human race was to live eternally; and when he used the words "larger hope" he meant to affirm the ultimate purification and salvation of that race. Of prayer he said that it was like opening a sluice between the great ocean and our little channels, when the great sea gathers

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itself together and flows in at full tide. He was a constant student of the Bible, and had for many parts of it "a measureless admiration." He refused to discuss the nature of Christ, saying, with a wisdom which theologians will do well to follow, "'For none knoweth the Son save the Father.'" The beautiful lines entitled "Crossing the Bar" were written in his eighty-first year, and, at his urgent request, are hereafter to be printed at the end of all editions of his works.

The day before his death he called for his Shakespeare, and opened it at these tender lines in "Cymbeline:"

> Hang thou like fruit, my soul,
> Till the tree die.

"He had been talking to Dr. Dobbs about death, and about 'What shadows this life is, and how men cling to what is, after all, but a small part of the great world's life.' Then Dr. Dobbs told him (for his interest was always keen 'in the lot of lowly men') of an incident that had lately happened. 'A villager, ninety years old, was dying, and had so pined to see his old bedridden wife once more that they had carried her to where he lay. He pressed his shrunken hand upon her hand, and in a husky voice said to her, "Come soon," and soon after passed away himself.' My father murmured, 'True faith;' and the tears were in his voice. Suddenly he gathered himself together and spoke one word about himself to the doctor—'Death?' Dr. Dobbs bowed his head, and he said, 'That's well.' . . . He then spoke his last words, a farewell blessing to my mother and myself."

It is a long time since any biography has appeared so rich in material of every kind as this reverent, well-balanced, and admirably written memoir of the foremost English poet of the Victorian age; a memoir which, by reason of its breadth of intellectual and spiritual interests, is not only the story of an illustrious career, but a contribution of the highest importance to the inner history of our time. There are few aspects of modern life that are not touched in these pages. A richer life, so far as opportunity, friendship, intimacy with the best men and the best things are concerned, has hardly been lived by a modern man. Tennyson lived where life was richest and deepest, and both the depth and the richness have entered into his verse. He lived, in a noble sense, for art and in art; he dedicated himself to his work, and, turning a deaf ear to all other ideas, he made himself first master of his craft, and then he made his craft a living reality to many to whom poetry as poetry had never before spoken. He illustrated again the old, fundamental, but oft-forgotten truth that the great artist must first be the great man, and that unbroken and noble productivity is conditioned upon wise, sane, and noble living. His splendid workmanship was the fruit of great toil, and his wide vision of truth was gained and kept by nobility of aim and spirit. He was not faultless; but in all essential things he was great. It was his happy fortune to leave behind him one who was not only his son but his constant companion; and so it comes about that his impressive personality will be more distinct to posterity than it has been to his contemporaries. With rare judgment, his biographer has set in their proper places a very considerable mass of poetry hitherto unpublished; all of great interest to students of the poet's methods and art, much of it full of that characteristic charm which pervades the Laureate's verse from beginning to end. There is also to be found in these pages a mass of literary opinion, comment, and judgment of the highest value. In a word, Tennyson's biography reflects and transmits the richness of his life. It reports and conserves so much of his verse, his talk, his expression of every sort, that it must be regarded as essentially his own production, and therefore as forming an integral part of his complete work.

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Captain Benjamin

By Katharine Pearson Woods

"THE Salvationists have got a new captain," said Miss Revel, leaning forward to look, through the fine veil of mist-like rain, at the tall figure under the "Blood and Fire" banner. He had mounted a keg, necessarily a stout one, at the door of a corner saloon, for convenience of preaching, and the electric light fell full upon him, reflecting itself in the rain-splashed face and the strangely luminous eyes. A brown-faced little woman at his side, with a face of dog-like fidelity, held the flag, aided by a small box and a long flagstaff, in such a way as to form something of a shelter for his uncovered head; but the preacher seemed as unconscious of her attention as men usually are of unsought devotion.

As Miss Revel drew away her head from the drops that gathered, fell, and splashed about the carriage window, the address came to an end, and a voice, not altogether uncultivated, began the hymn:

He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Dr. Hurlbut, who sat opposite Miss Revel, laughed slightly.

"Queer chap!" he said; "it seems strange that you've not seen him. To be sure, he's only been in town about ten days; but his is one of those insistent personalities that seem to pervade the place, don't you know. One can hardly believe that Fairtown ever knew itself without Captain Benjamin."

"Who is he?" asked Miss Revel.

"Who are any of these Salvationists? I believe he began the world as the son of a college President, whose heart he broke by his misconduct; then he was a tramp for ten years or so, and—well, I suppose lived the usual life under the circumstances. Within the last six months he has 'got saved,' and now considers himself privileged to inform decent, law-abiding fellows like myself of the decidedly warm and generally unpleasant quarters made ready for us in the next world if we don't mend our ways. Just a little cheeky, wouldn't it be, if it wasn't a part of his religion?"

Miss Revel nodded assentingly. "The most incomprehensible part of the whole situation," she said, "is these people's awful sincerity. I can't explain it—"

"Oh!" said Dr. Hurlbut, as she hesitated, "nobody can explain anything, except on what the Theosophists call the psychic plane." And he laughed again. "I don't doubt the fellow's sincerity, in the least: you can't, if you look at him. In fact, the most curious feature about this thing that they call conversion is that it does in many cases, to all intents and purposes, restore the lost innocence, so to speak. I have made a sort of study of the phenomena in several instances; and it really does seem as though some sort of shifting process takes place in the centers of consciousness, if you know what I mean, so that, as an actual fact, the former life ceases to be attractive. One can understand such a condition well enough as the result of a long educational process; the incomprehensible part is the suddenness of it. Of course this man says that the old sins have ceased to tempt him because he has been washed—but don't you see how it is? And, after all, we see the reverse process frequently enough in hysteria, and nearly always in insanity."

"So that is the materialistic explanation of an undeniable fact?" said Miss Revel; "and your reverse process, I suppose, is what the Bible calls possession by a devil?"

She laughed a little as she spoke, because she did not wish to give the effect of being shocked; she was a communicant of the Episcopal Church, and disliked to pose as better than other people. Besides, she was far from certain that the doctor might not be right; it sounded plausible enough; only, she meant to stand up for her own side as long as she consistently could. But until she had had time to study out this rather startling suggestion, it seemed better to change the subject. So they discussed the folk-lore society's meetings, and the dwellers in Miss Revel's reformed tenements, until the carriage stopped under the deep echoing *porte-cochère* of Revelrig.

Fairtown people, when they discussed the life and times of Theodora Revel, were accustomed to say that she was only waiting for her mother's death to turn the old family place into reformed tenements, an asylum of

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some sort, or something else equally dreadful. Only by such a hypothesis could they account for the continued dwelling of two wealthy women in the old colonial mansion, around which had grown up a quarter of the town neither attractive nor savory. But, when one is a Revel of Revelrig, and a college woman into the bargain, one cannot expect to be understood by the general public. Theodora let them have their say. Her old home, with its great high-ceilinged rooms, its wide porches, its park-like inclosure, was, as she was well aware, many degrees better than the best of college settlements; she kept the house full, during a large part of the year, with people who would "take an interest;" for herself, she was personally acquainted with every child, and with most of the grown-ups, within a half-mile radius, and was president or secretary of half a dozen clubs, and nearly twice as many benevolent societies. But, according to her own account, it all happened in the most casual manner. The things were there to be done, and she, being on the spot, was evidently the one to take hold; besides, it was a simple requisite of mental health to keep as large a portion as possible of one's brain in active exercise; but to pose as one who tried to do good in the world was an abomination in her eyes.

The result of this attitude of disavowal was to win for her the reputation of a martyr who died daily; she was supposed to sacrifice her own inclinations, first, to her mother's affection for the old homestead, and, second, to the needs of the neighborhood. This, perhaps, was a retribution not unmeet for the only affectation of which she justly stood accused; and though her life suited her quite thoroughly, and her affection for her birthplace was not second even to her mother's, it was true that her serene unselfishness of disposition, and the tranquil nerves due to her perfect health, made an infinite succession of small daily sacrifices, whether of time or taste, possible for her, without involving overstrain on mind or body.

But the Salvationists, who had recently invaded the region about Revelrig, failed to accept the popular estimate of Miss Revel's character. Theodora said that she admired their adherence to principle and their independence of worldly considerations. It made no difference in their eyes that the barracks defended by their banner were Miss Revel's property, and were placed at their disposal rent free; that the lady herself was their eager auxiliary in all plans for the economic welfare of the district, more than willing to have them work in their own way, and ready to put her hand in her purse whenever called upon. These things were good in their place, but they were not salvation.

Captain Johnson, who had just been removed from the command of the post, had dealt faithfully with Theodora. He had assured her, with her check in his hand at the time, that the chief reason for coming to work in her neighborhood was her evil influence upon the lost souls therein, whom she was seeking to save by means of carnal comforts; and he had spoken earnestly, and with tears, of her worse than uncertain prospects of everlasting happiness, inasmuch as she trusted in her own works, and had no sense of sin or need of a Saviour.

Theodora had been very sorry to lose Captain Johnson.

She was so accustomed to receive calls for aid from the wearers of the red jersey and big bonnet that it was no surprise to her, on the evening following that on which she had paused with Dr. Hurlbut under the shimmer of the electric light through the mist, to be told that "some of them Salvationists" were waiting for her in the porch. Several others, guests at Revelrig, awaited her there also; she had left them for only a moment, to make sure that her invalid mother, whom she tended with a care and devotion as absolute as though life held for her no other interest, was comfortable for the night.

The rain of the previous evening had passed away with the darkness; and the great porch —twenty feet wide, surrounding the house on three sides, floored with stout oaken planks that would last another century, and its roof upheld by stone pillars that a tall man could barely clasp—the porch was full of moonlight as Theodora stepped through the wide doorway. She was a wisp of a woman, looking, even under the daylight, younger than her years; and with the white moon-rays weaving a fairy texture out of her soft white muslin gown, and making a halo around the abundant waves of her brown hair, a man could hardly be blamed for finding in her presence something vision-like and mystical.

"Is there some one here to see me?" she said, looking about her with large eyes, dazzled by the change from the yellow gaslight. "Oh! it is you, Lieutenant," as the little brown woman arose from the shadow of a pillar;

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"pardon me for not seeing you at once—"

"It does not matter about me," said the brown lieutenant; "here is Captain Benjamin."

Theodora moved a gracious step forward and extended her hand towards something long and black which erected itself out of the thickest of the shade. It was a silent figure; strangely silent for any but a Salvationist, who must never be expected, being led only by the Spirit, to do things like other people; and Theodora thought that she had never seen eyes so strangely luminous, or felt a hand-clasp at once so strong and tender. But it seemed that he knew not how to let her fingers go; she was compelled at last to draw them gently away. It was the brown lieutenant who placed a chair for Miss Revel; Captain Benjamin did not offer.

There was something intense, even a little strained, about the situation; or perhaps Theodora's nerves, usually sufficiently under discipline, had at last turned rebellious; she tried to bring them into line again by a markedly matter-of-fact tone and manner.

"Thank you so much, Lieutenant; you are always kind."

"We wish to be kind," said the Lieutenant, a little tremulously; "we wish nothing so much. And Captain Benjamin has been greatly blessed of the Lord in his words; we hope that he may bring peace even to *your* soul, if you will listen to him. It is why we have come to-night."

"Oh!" said Theodora. "Do you not think it is pleasant here on the porch on so warm an evening? A little dark, perhaps; but we can go inside if we need a light."

"It is not too dark," said Captain Benjamin, dreamily, "to see your eyes."

Theodora's first distinct feeling was that she could have borne it better if Dr. Hurlbut had not been present to criticise; and yet, in reality, it was he who saved the situation. It is true that conventionality is quite defenseless against earnestness; but it must be earnestness of a certain grade, or perhaps one might better say of a certain voltage. At a lower degree, zeal is readily damped by the cool clamminess of a conventional handling of any given subject. And though the brown lieutenant was very tremulously in earnest, the situation yielded all the more readily to Dr. Hurlbut's treatment, because Captain Benjamin seemed scarcely awake to its needs, provided he was allowed to sit and look his fill on Theodora. The brown lieutenant had tears in her eyes when she took him away at last, after she had answered the Doctor's questions as to the spiritual success and financial standing of the slum post, and had volunteered a remark or two, which she felt in her heart to be *banal*, though she would scarcely have used that word to describe them.

"I suppose it's a new experience for you to feel yourself a subject of prayer?" said Dr. Hurlbut, as he stood under the gaslight, hat in hand, taking leave of his hostess.

Theodora was conscious of a certain shock.

"I suppose it is," she answered, with a futility that enraged herself.

"Yes," said the man, easily. "Curious how literally these people take things. As if a woman of your education and standing was in need of, or a possible subject for, the psychologic revolution we were speaking of last night. If such a thing could happen, they would be the first to regret it; it could only be a change for the worse, you know. But when minds of that caliber learn to think consecutively, they will lose their hold on the very class where they do good."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said Theodora.

Dr. Hurlbut was by no means a coxcomb, and it was a rule of his life to preserve a dispassionate estimate of his prospects for the final winning of Miss Revel's hand and heart. To do him justice, he would not have accepted the one without the other, even with Revelrig and five figures of the income thrown into the bargain. But when he had left her, he permitted himself to question whether the inanity of her replies were due to the fact that he had held her hand a little longer than was necessary in saying good-by? As why should he not, with that Salvation fellow making love to her under his very eyes!

Miss Revel was rather relieved when Dr. Hurlbut had left her; there were times, she told herself, when one wanted something a little more human than his calm analyses of men and things: yet, against her will, she found herself analyzing Captain Benjamin very much after Dr. Hurlbut's fashion, with the result of a profound dissatisfaction, not unmixed with self-contempt. For it was impossible to resist the disagreeable conviction that Captain Benjamin was very human indeed.

She had not been an heiress for so many

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years without feeling within herself the compensating ability to handle the situation as she chose, even though it differed materially from any with which she had hitherto been confronted; and her fine sense of justice combined with a delicate feeling for humor in causing her to retaliate upon the Salvationists by an effort to educate Captain Benjamin intellectually, in return for his spiritual endeavors on her behalf.

"For, really, you know, that is the essence of insanity—isn't it?" she said to Dr. Hurlbut. "The restriction of all brain activity to a small area of brain substance. Isn't it sure to produce disease? Or, at any rate, an abnormal and one-sided development of that section of the brain?"

The physician smiled, a little quizzically, perhaps, at her way of expressing herself. "You see," he said, "we know so little about it, after all; and if we were to send all the people who come under your definition to the county asylum for the insane—well, I am afraid it would be, as the English say, a very large order."

"How very like you medical people!" said Theodora; "to be helplessly ignorant when one really wants to know!"

"Oh! as to this fellow," he answered, "it is simple enough. If his brain had been in a healthy condition in his youth, he would have liked the ways of healthy-minded people, and not have turned prodigal and got himself side-tracked like this—if you will pardon the metaphor. And now, of course, his return to sanity would certainly be facilitated if you could get him to take an interest in something besides saving souls; the Cretan situation, for instance, or dress reform. But you'll only fret yourself in vain, if you make the effort; it's the way of all fanatics, from Caliph Omar to the present time: what is in the Bible or the Koran is unnecessary; what isn't is immoral: to the flames with it. The chief difficulty is, however, that you haven't the time to accomplish anything worth while. When Captain Benjamin was saved, it did not touch his physical nature, unfortunately; he has a very robust consumption now, and his present mode of living rather accentuates it than otherwise. I doubt if he lives six months."

Theodora was conscious of distinctly insane impulses at the manner, rather than the matter, of this speech; but Dr. Hurlbut never knew, as she honored him with a meditative stare and quietly changed the conversation, what joy it would have given her to throw a pillow at him. For they were sitting on the great porch at twilight, and the pillow was conveniently at the back of her wicker chair.

Her calm good sense forbade her to regard Captain Benjamin's consumption as in any respect a martyrdom. Her emotional nature, however, took arms on the other side, and when she remembered that to leave him now was to leave him for this world, it was with some difficulty that she kept herself to her purpose of taking her mother away from Revelrig for the winter.

But before this design could be carried out, she had had time to see a good deal of Captain Benjamin, and to be a little weary of the efforts of the brown lieutenant to convict her, Theodora, of sin. Somehow, Miss Revel did not feel that it was any business of the brown lieutenant's. She did not admit that it would have been a different matter had the efforts been Captain Benjamin's; but in the depths of her consciousness she knew that such was the case. To do him justice, the man restrained his missionary zeal so perfectly that it scarcely seemed to exist; and yet, for some cause—to be traced, perhaps, with sufficient time and space, to the roots of woman's complex nature—Miss Revel rather laid herself open to it; attending upon all his sermons and addresses, and daily coming into closer touch with his state of mind.

This does not at all imply that she was converted to his opinions, which repelled her rather the more by what she considered their illogicality. But it is a great thing to any human soul to penetrate behind the bars of another human consciousness—to see, if but for the moment, with its eyes and through the medium of its personality. One brings out of such an experience either the best or the worst of the other's being; Miss Revel felt herself distinctly a gainer. She theorized about it greatly to her own satisfaction. For she willingly admitted that the corresponding portion of her brain to that which in him was abnormally active had lain rather dormant; religion, to her, had never been an enthusiasm; she was willing, she said, to learn from any one, even a dog.

Certainly, Captain Benjamin was not a dog.

Her plans for departure had been fully completed, but beyond herself and her mother had not been made known or discussed, when, one fine October morning, Captain Benjamin was said to be awaiting her in the white sitting-room. This was Theodora's favorite

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apartment; it had been decorated in white and gold by some ancestor who had visited Paris during the period of the First Empire, and had brought back a taste for a classicism more or less illegitimate. But, veiled by the mists of age and association, it was a charming room; and the wide stretch of lawn to the river, with the clear reach of blue sky above it, had never appeared so attractive to Theodora, through the low, wide casement, as at this moment, when she saw Captain Benjamin's close-cut dark head silhouetted against the sunshine, like the saint of an ancient missal on his golden background.

It was a handsome head, as she had always been more or less aware; close-trimmed and of military erectness, with a straight, regular profile that might have been carved in some rare stone—she found herself engaged, all through the somewhat disconcerting interview that followed, in the effort to locate the particular kind of stone out of which Captain Benjamin's head might have been carved. It would be of a clear olive color, so dark as to conceal pallor, she thought, and yet—a certain shade of onyx, she believed, with a soft, clear light behind it, would not be a bad similitude.

He rose as she approached him, but did not extend his hand for hers, or in any respect receive her as Dr. Hurlbut would have done. For this comparison, also, Theodora found herself drawing, in Captain Benjamin's favor.

"I have come," he said, without preliminary, "to plead with you to give your heart to Christ."

During the next few seconds Theodora was occupied in refusing to analyze her own emotions; then the dignity born of resistance to her first impulse enabled her to say:

"I am glad you have mentioned the subject, Captain Benjamin; for I have always felt the presence in your mind of the feeling to which you have now given utterance. Will you not be seated?"

"I am on my Master's errand; it is more fitting for me to stand," said Captain Benjamin.

Theodora felt herself at a distinct disadvantage. Her favorite chair stood, ready and inviting, within reach of her hand, and yet she felt forbidden to occupy it. Instead, she laid her hand upon the back of another, tall, straight, and heavy, and tried to retrieve herself.

"I do you the justice, Captain Benjamin, to believe most fully in your entire sincerity and your desire to benefit me; but I think you do less than justice to a religious feeling which may be real, although differently expressed from your own. I am not exactly an irreligious woman, as you should know by this time; and—I am reluctant to wound you—while I believe thoroughly in your repentance—yet—"

"You think," he said, swiftly, "that, in spite of my repentance, the fact that I have been a great sinner should prevent me from pleading in this manner with one who has led your life. But you do not understand, that is all. Jesus has washed away the past; it is as if it had never been; and it is in his name and his power that I come to you."

"It seems to me," said Theodora, now fairly at bay, "that you employ, you Salvationists, that form of words, about being washed, and the rest of it, as an excuse for exalting yourselves at the expense of other people. Fact is fact, and truth, truth, in spite of you; the sins that you have committed *have* left their impress, no matter how you deceive yourselves; some of you fall back into them, to prove it. Now, from those sins, at least, I am saved, and you are not. There is the truth; if it pain you I am sorry, but you have brought the hearing of it upon yourself."

She spoke breathlessly, with her eyes turned away from his face, lest the sight of what she knew must be written there should hinder her defense. When he answered, there was no pain in his voice, only pity.

"I deserve all that you can say—more than you know how to say—as regards my past. If I let myself think of it as still alive, the bitterest thought of all would be that if it had been an innocent past you might have loved me. You will never love me now; but that is one of the consequences, and Christ has it in his keeping. And I do not ask it; it is enough for me if you will love Christ. He, at least, has done nothing to forfeit all that you have it in you to give."

Theodora shivered; was this faith or blasphemy?

"But you make it very hard to bear," he continued, "when you show me that if I had remained in the old life, and if Christ had found me there—as he surely would, who found me so far below it—I might then have been able so to speak to you, to put things in such a way that you might have been able to understand. But I must deliver my mes-

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sage in such words as the Lord gives me to say. And I think you are missing the point—begging the question, I think they used to call it. It is not what any of us *do*, it is what Christ *is*, that is salvation. I am safe from the old sins; why? Because I have stopped fighting against them. When the craving for drink comes, or some other temptation, I do not waste time in resisting it; no, I carry it straight to Christ, and he conquers it for me; for who am I to set my strength against the power of the devil? He has conquered me too often.

"You—if sin ever touches you—I do not know—fight it in your own strength; there is your mistake. For some day there will come—Satan is very skillful—a sudden strong temptation, such as you have never known before. Perhaps you think you can ask Christ to help you; but how if the temptation is not only too strong for your strength, but too sudden for those slow prayers of yours? You will yield to that temptation; what else can you do? Why not, before it comes, give yourself up wholly to Christ, so that he shall always do all, and you nothing?"

Theodora's head had fallen on her hands, which were folded, one upon the other, on the back of the great carved chair. There was silence in the room; for Captain Benjamin, by the reality that was in him, had been delivered for the moment from his accustomed formulæ. Perhaps he prayed silently as he stood beside her; but if so, he gave no outward sign.

When Theodora raised her eyes, there was in them a truth as clear as in his own; and she spoke with a simplicity and directness which modern life had made impossible to her since her childhood.

"Captain Benjamin," she said, "you are willing that Christ shall do all for you, and be all to you. But for me, you cannot trust him. Do you not see that you are trying to do part of his work yourself?"

Then, with no farewell, she turned and left him; but from an upper window she watched how he went away down the winding road to the great gates, with his tall figure shrunk together, and his head bowed upon his breast. But Theodora did not feel that she had won a victory.

It was a day of early November when Miss Revel and her mother went away to the South from Revelrig; the little railroad station was upon Miss Revel's own land, and Dr. Hurlbut said, as he stood before it, at the window of the carriage, that the weather had made a laudable attempt to be typical, in order to be worthy of Miss Revel's scientific intellect.

Theodora did not attend to him very closely; her eye had been caught by two figures who stood under the drippings of the scroll-work on the front of the station; the brown lieutenant nearest to the weather. As she had seen it first, so now she beheld it for the last time—the dark, thin face, above the lieutenant's red-crossed bonnet, gleaming with unheeded raindrops; but now the wistful, patient, dog-like fidelity and sorrow were written on the face not only of the woman. Something smote Theodora suddenly on the heart.

"Let me out," she called to the coachman, who stood near, his hands in the pockets of his shiny rubber garment. "Let me out; there is something I have forgotten."

"Your common sense?" hovered as a suggestion on Dr. Hurlbut's lips; but he knew her too well to let it escape them.

"My dear Theodora, you will take your death," said Mrs. Revel, feebly; but Theodora, in her long blue traveling cloak, had already laid her hand upon the arm of the brown lieutenant, and noted the flame of joy that leaped at her approach into the eyes of Captain Benjamin.

"Come," she said, imperatively, "I must speak to you;" and when they were within the shelter of the waiting-room, she pressed into the hard brown palm something soft and silky to the touch.

"He is not well," said Theodora, hurriedly; "I want him to have every comfort, every luxury. Write to me about him; let me know what he needs; he shall have it, as if he were my own brother."

The brown lieutenant looked at the trust confided to her, and added up mentally the amount of the notes, with businesslike exactness, before she replied.

"Yes," she said, afterwards, "you may do this for him; it is very hard to know that any one whom you love is suffering for food, because what he has is too coarse to tempt his appetite; I will let you do this for him, Miss Revel. God gives me the nursing of him, and that is best of all. Yes, I will let you know; it will not be very long."

She laid a hand, in her turn, on the blue traveling cloak.

"You are grieving the Spirit," she said; "and that is killing him. If you would yield,

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and tell him so, that would be better than jellies and broths and chicken."

"Your bill of fare seems already made out," said Theodora, smiling. But the water stood in her eyes; for the brown lieutenant's words contained a revelation that touched her.

The whistle of the approaching engine left little time for speech or action; she pressed the brown palm, and hurried from the room. Captain Benjamin stood where she had left him; but the train had now drawn up beside the platform, and Dr. Hurlbut had come to hasten her movements. It may be that he accentuated them in a sense very far from his desire; for Theodora was unaccustomed to opposition; moreover, the time was short, and what she had to say must be compressed into the smallest possible compass. And at that thought, the word presented itself; for, though it were a Salvation Army technicality, Theodora was not a woman to be deterred by trifles. Moreover, it would express her meaning all the better.

"Good-by, Captain Benjamin," she said; and as he clasped her hand, she added, with a smile, "ALLELUIA!"

The swift illumination of his countenance showed that he fully understood; and as she looked from the window of the Pullman car upon the rain-swept platform, she heard, above the noise of the moving train, the tinkle of the lieutenant's tambourine, and the voice of Captain Benjamin, singing:

He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Time passed, and summer returned; and Dr. Hurlbut drew his horse aside, one morning, from the great gates of Revelrig, which he had been about to enter.

"It is fitting that a mere mortal should give place to the chariot of Aurora," he said, as Miss Revel, in her dog-cart, passed through. The cart was piled, front and back, with flowers. "Or is it Schiller's

'Mädchen, schön und wunderbar'?"

"I am only going out to the cemetery," replied Miss Revel, with a grave sincerity, which she seemed to have brought home from her travels, and which the doctor found more disconcerting than her former jesting parries.

"How wonderfully well you have looked ever since your return!" he said, with more meaning than met the ear; "your winter improved you greatly."

"I trust so; there was need of it," she replied. "Shall I find you at Revelrig when I return? No? Then good-morning; for this is something I had rather do alone."

Dr. Hurlbut sat motionless, following her with his eyes.

"To the cemetery!" he said, presently, "where that fellow lies, near to her own father. Such folly! But at least she did not marry him, and—well, I suppose, in comparison with such an evil as that, a few cart-loads of flowers are a small consideration."

Wherewith he drove on to the house to visit the brown lieutenant, who was there being tenderly nursed through a cough which she had developed while caring for the last days of Captain Benjamin. Dr. Hurlbut was of the opinion that the brown lieutenant had had rather hard measure in this world; but there were still a few things which, for all his penetration, Dr. Hurlbut did not understand.

Autumn Fires

By Priscilla Leonard

Still is the air, sun-steeped and clear;
The golden ripeness of the year
Breathes from each peaceful field and hill;
Green are the woods, and wide; yet still
A flash of red, a touch of fire,
Lights here and there some leafy spire
To kindling radiance, whose blaze
Shall spread and burn through autumn days
Till the last torches, brave and bold,
Are quenched in chill November's cold.

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Salem: Historic and Picturesque Features

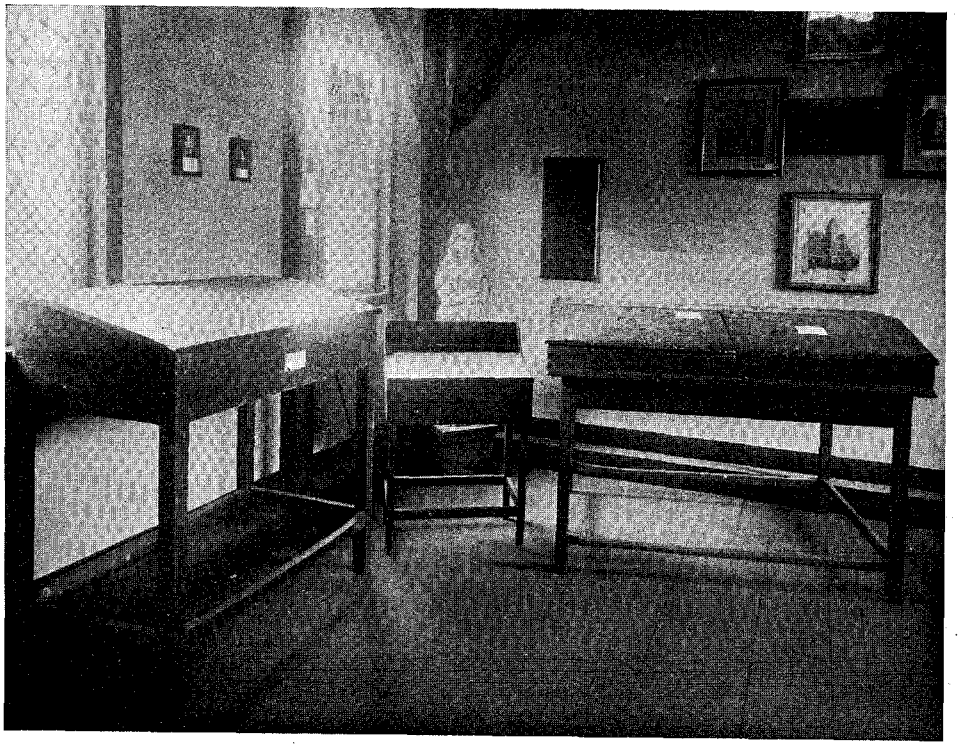
By Anna Northend Benjamin

THE fine old city of Salem on the Massachusetts coast, whose name is familiar to Americans and not unknown to many who dwell in other countries, was founded by Roger Conant in the year 1626, and was known for some years as the settlement of Naumkeag. Its present name, meaning peace, was bestowed upon it after the adjustment of dissensions arising between those who came over with the new Governor, John Endicott, and the old followers of Conant.

Though Salem has always been foremost in every progressive movement, though her sons were pioneers in commerce, active in politics, valiant in the defense of their liberty and homes, and though Salem has contributed classics to literature, she is associated most closely with the memory of the fearful "witchcraft delusion."

"The old witch house" still stands. Roger Williams lived there in 1635, when he was exiled by an order of the General Council, but he continued to teach his doctrines within its walls until January, 1636, when he fled into the wilderness from his persecutors, with no guide save a pocket compass, and no thought of the State which he was to found. The house is the oldest one in Salem, and was considered very fine in those days. It was occupied by Judge Jonathan Corwin during the trial of the witches, and its present name is derived from the tradition that the Judge held a sort of private inquisition there betweenwhiles. An apothecary store is built out in front, but the visitor is conducted through this to a little room behind, where the old beams are pointed out.

The first Puritan church organized in America was established in Salem in 1629, and five years later the first meeting-house was built. This, though of limited dimensions, was used by the First Church till 1670, when it was removed to "be reserved for the



THE FIRST CHURCH

Billy" Gray's, Dr. Bowditch's, and Nathaniel Hawthorne's desks. This and the following photographs were taken by Mr Frank Cousins, of Salem, Mass

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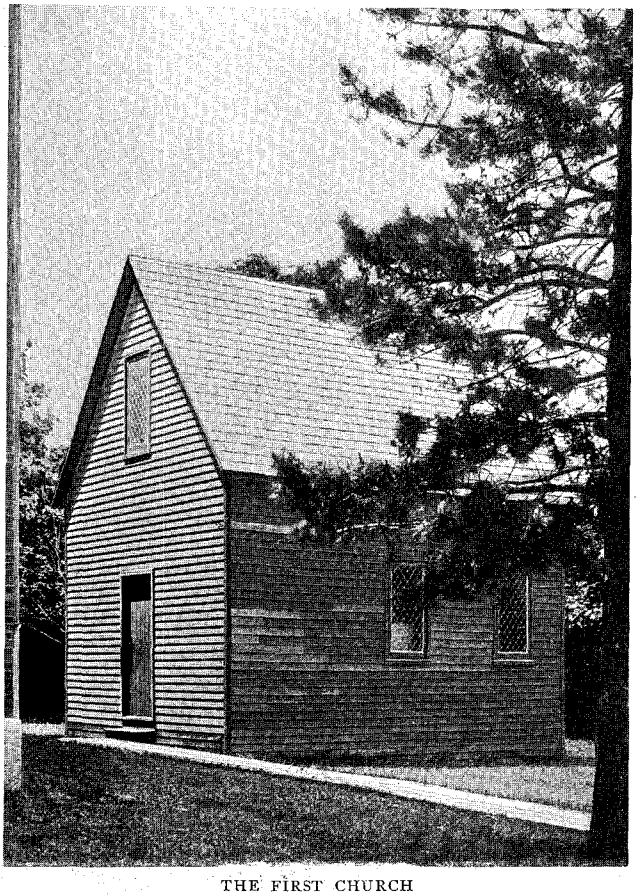
town's use to build a skoole and watch house," and another church edifice was erected in its place. For nearly one hundred years it was used for schools, town meetings, and military drills. As the dimensions of the building are twenty feet in length by seventeen in width, it seems hardly probable that any very intricate military maneuvers were conducted within it. At the end of this time it was sold to one Thorndike Proctor, who used it for a tavern. In the year 1864 one of Salem's public-spirited men arranged to have the building re-erected behind the Essex Institute, a society located in Salem for the promotion of history, science, and art in Essex County, to which he presented it. This is one of the places in the city which is visited by thousands of people every year. The desk used by Hawthorne at the custom-house and one used by Nathaniel Bowditch, the eminent scholar, have been placed there, also tablets with the names of all those who have occupied the pulpit of the First Church, including that of the courageous Roger Williams.



THE FIRST CHURCH
The Roger Williams Church. Erected 1634. Now at the rear of Plummer Hall, 134 Essex Street.

We look back now with severe criticism on the inconsistency of those first settlers who fled from England to enjoy a freedom of worship which they refused to others whose tenets differed from their own. We cannot deny that the old Salemites, in the fierceness of their religious fervor and the strength of their religious convictions, were very narrow-minded. But in those days liberality was found only in the looseness of the court; the old Pilgrims were no worse than the rest of Christendom, and the sturdy faith of early years has since ripened into a spirit of charity and progress. Obstinacy denotes backbone, and the Puritan fathers needed all they had in their fight for life in those old days.

The name of John Endicott is a familiar one. His term of office was sixteen years in all, and he left an honorable record as a legacy to the colony over which he ruled. He and his council were accustomed to meet in a fort or palisade, which stood in what is now the heart of the city; for those were troublous times — the men might be called upon at any minute to defend their homes or to assist their neighbors against the attacks of the Indians. In order to have bullets at hand when the emergency arose, they were used for currency, and represented a farthing apiece. The Governor's portraits hang in the City Hall and in the Essex Institute, his fine face enhanced by his severe Puritanic garb. It is a historic fact that at a public parade which was held in Salem he drew his sword and slashed the red cross out of the flag. No popery for him!

Of the awful "witchcraft delusion" much has been said and written, but it is a matter which must always be of intense interest.

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The old documents and records in the courthouse are far more thrilling, and disclose the motives, the superstitions, and the real conscientious scruples of the deluded people better than any latter-day criticisms. Salem was not the only place in the world which in the year 1692 believed in witches and wizards, nor were the persecutors all Salem men. The saintly Increase and Cotton Mather, father and son, lived in Boston, and it is very generally admitted that the latter was one of the leaders, was perhaps the chief denouncer, at this fearful period, when every one trembled lest the next victim should be his neighbor, his wife, his child, or himself.

Eighteen innocent victims were done to death on Gallows Hill—all hanged; and one more, Giles Cory, was pressed to death because he would not plead. There is a grave in the old Charter Street burying-ground marked by a stone on which is inscribed the name of

Mary Corry
Ye Wife of
Giles Corry
Aged 63 Years
Dyed August
Ye 27 1684

The records show that the wife of the courageous Giles Corey, named Martha, was executed on the same charge as her husband. Whether this inscription is over his mother's grave or not I do not know.

Progress and civilization had gone too far in 1692 for this terrible state of affairs to continue for long. Sickening doubts entered the minds of those chiefly concerned, and then there was a sharp recoil, not a gradual awakening; their repentance was as deep and sincere as their fanaticism had been, and nothing that could be done to make amends was left undone. Every accusation was retracted, the people put on sackcloth and ashes, and the reign of terror was over.

Could we believe that all the accusers acted from conscientious conviction, we might look back with less abhorrence on Salem's greatest blot. It is to be feared that many people seized the occasion for private revenge of some personal slight, or, sometimes, to avert suspicion from themselves. It is generally admitted, however, that the majority of the people became frenzied, and that, while it lasted, it was a true delusion. It is well to remember, too, that witches and "possessions of the devil" were almost universally believed in, and that Salem had only carried the prevailing superstitions to their logical end.

In the Revolutionary War the first resistance to British authority took place on the North Bridge which leads from Salem proper to North Salem, where Colonel Leslie, dispatched by General Gage from Boston to capture certain arms and ammunition which had been stored in Salem, made the discovery that Salem people were not disposed to yield up their possessions or anything that was intrusted to them to Colonel Leslie, General Gage, or anybody else, and that the only way to obtain those stores was to fight for them and to take them away over the dead bodies, perhaps, of Salem's foremost citizens. Colonel Leslie did not consider it prudent to precipitate matters, so, like "the King of France with twice ten thousand men," he "marched across the bridge and then marched back again," and returned to Boston and to General Gage with no more arms and ammunition than he had taken with him. A rasher officer on the British side and the first blood shed in the Revolutionary War might have colored Salem streets.

Salem's representatives fought in nearly every battle of the Revolutionary War, and acquitted themselves valiantly. They fell, too, at Bunker Hill, at Lexington, and at places further from home. The town, with a population at that time of 6,000, furnished the almost incredible number of one hundred and fifty-eight private armed vessels, carrying in all 2,000 guns. These brought in prizes to the number of 440, but one-third of the gallant ships were themselves captured. In the war of 1812, Salem's patriotism, far from abating, had kept pace with her increasing population, for she sent out more private armed ships than any other ports except New York and Baltimore.

But though Salem could be warlike when the necessity arose, her citizens knew how to make the most of the times of peace. Before the Revolution many beautiful buildings had been erected, the chief architect of this period being a very gifted and versatile man named Samuel Macintire (1757–1811). The architectural works and the carvings which he has left behind denote him to have been a man of genius. He designed the South Church on Chestnut Street, and the famous Hamilton Hall opposite, where the Marquis de Lafayette was entertained by Salem citizens; the old Assembly Hall, where Washington attended a ball, and the Nichols house on Federal Street. This last is considered to be the finest example of Colonial architecture in

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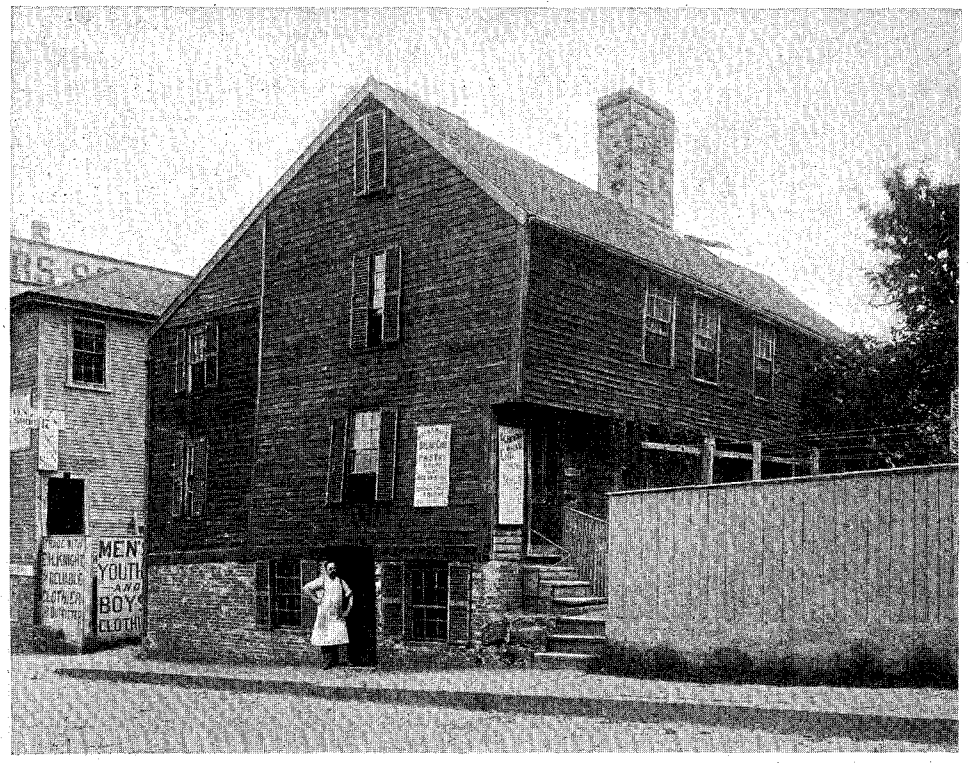
the city. It was built by one of Salem's merchant princes, and is still owned by his descendants. The paved courtyard in the rear is a feature rarely met with nowadays. But it must have given a sense of security to the inmates of the house, and a feeling of seclusion in which our latter-day American structures are sometimes painfully lacking. It is a beautiful old house, and a landmark in Salem. Long may it stand!

Another fine old building, the Hodges house, which has stood for years on the principal business street, has at last succumbed to the encroaching stores, into one of which it has been converted. I do not know whether the whole house was Macintire's, but the staircase was his, and that, alas! is now a thing of the past. A large crowd gathered there on the day the carpenters began their work of destruction, ready to take away and preserve as relics whatever they could lay their hands on. One grabbed the newel-post, others the smaller posts or parts of the banister itself. This is a striking example of that strongly marked New England characteristic, reverence for antiquity.

The good architects of those days did not require feats of agility of the people who occupied their houses; steps were made broad and low and banisters substantial; there were no dizzy heights to scale, and no zigzag twistings and turnings and cozy corners which endangered the head of any one arising without careful consideration. Things were straight and simple. Halls were wide and allowed of a free circulation of air; the rooms were square and large, with many windows. There was ornamentation, but the houses were never ornate. No wonder the best architects of the present day are returning more and more to the commodious simplicity of a hundred years ago!



BAKESHOP BUILT BEFORE 1692

Salem is full of beautiful old doorways and woodwork. There are hundreds of dingy old houses which show perhaps the past style of architecture which should be avoided. But the lean-to roofs, the projecting stories, the gables, the old sheds and stables, are interesting in their way; at any rate, they are part and parcel of the city, and Salem would not be Salem without them.

General Washington visited Salem October 29, 1789. The people were beside themselves with joy. Rockets were fired, cannon

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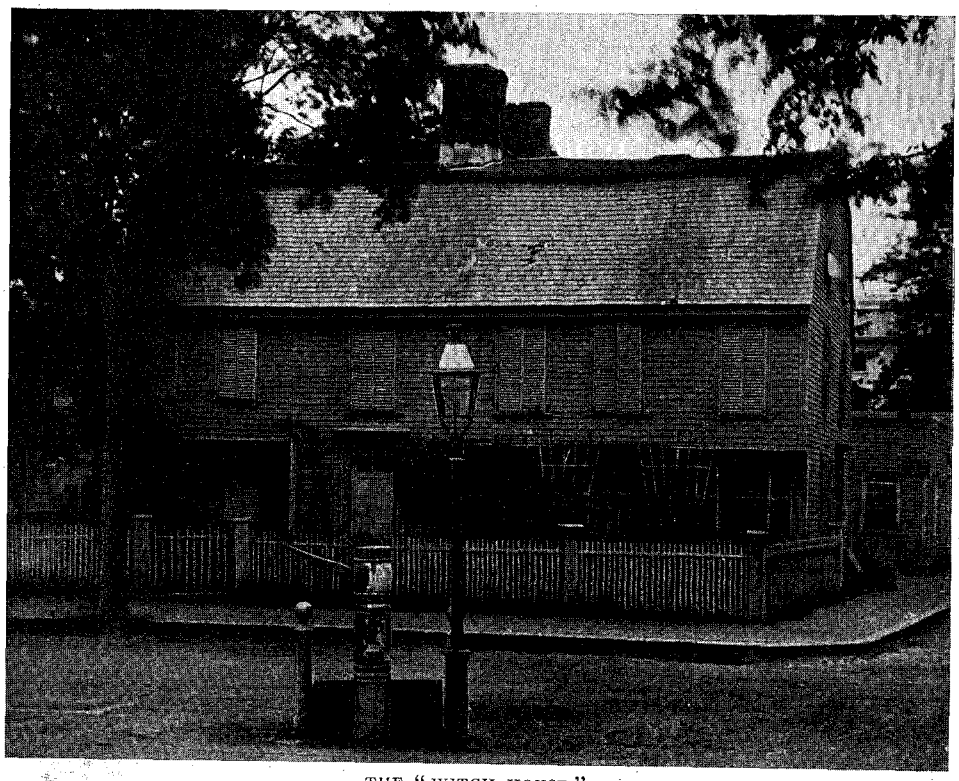
thundered, and the great General was given a royal welcome by the people who had so stanchly upheld the cause of liberty and assisted him in his fight against British tyranny. The military were reviewed, and he was conducted to a balcony of the court-house, where he stood while odes of welcome were sung and the people shouted and cheered till they were hoarse. Macintire was seated at a window near by, where he could observe carefully the General's features. This led to his cutting the profile of Washington in a medallion of wood, which is still preserved in the Essex Institute. He was entertained for the night by Joshua Ward, who had a fine residence on a central street called, first, "School-House Lane," then "Town-House Lane," but ever after this episode "Washington Street." He attended an Assembly Ball in the evening, and paid a tribute to the beauty of Salem women by an entry in his diary, where he states that there were present on this occasion "at least a hundred handsome and well-dressed ladies."

The Marquis de Lafayette paid two visits to Salem. The first was October 29, 1784, and the second just thirty years later, when he dined at Hamilton Hall, and spent the night with Judge Story. His reception each time was enthusiastic in the extreme; in fact, he alludes to it twice in accounts of his travels which he published on his return to France. He says that "at Salem the brilliancy of his reception was particularly marked." There are people living in Salem to-day who recall this second visit, and I have often heard it alluded to.

For fifty years Salem was foremost in commerce. The Derbys, the Crowninshields, the Bertrams, and many others made princely fortunes in their trade with the East Indies. Their great barks sailed in and out of Salem harbor, to and from the wharves which jutted out in front of the beautiful old dwellings which they had erected. All this happened in later times, and the last generation of the great merchants is just passing away. They were as brave and as enterprising in commerce as they had been in war. The fine, sterling qualities, justly inherited from their obstinate ancestry, were turned into new channels; new fields were opened for their energy and wit, and in proportion to their use these qualities developed still more. To the dusky East-



THE "WITCH HOUSE"

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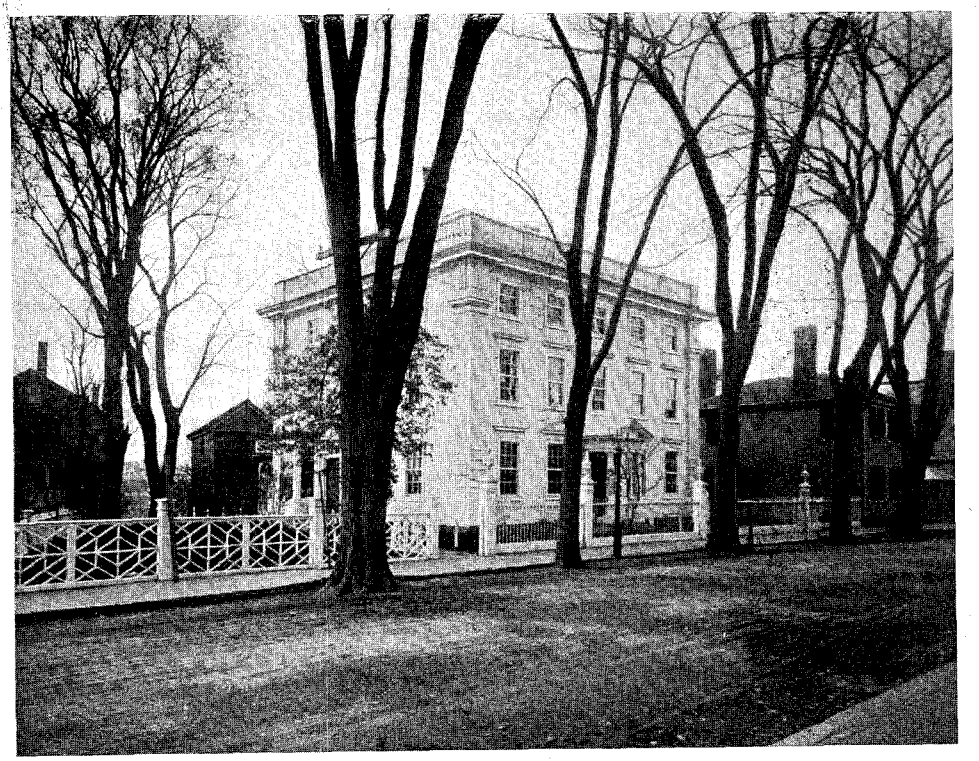
ern merchants who dealt with the gallant Salem sea-captains who sailed into their ports to barter and to buy, Salem was a magic name; to them it typified all that was progressive and powerful and great in the New World. I have no better illustration of this than a little rhyme which was copied for me by a friend from I don't know where:

Some native merchant of the East, they say
(Whether Canton, Calcutta, or Bombay),
Had in his counting-room a map whereon
Across the field in capitals was drawn
The name of Salem, meant to represent
That Salem was the Western Continent,
While in an upper corner was put down
A dot named Boston, Salem's leading town.

But, alas! Salem's pre-eminence on the seas in commerce waned and died, not from the lack of energy and ambition of those who were engaged in it, but because it outgrew Salem harbor and had to be carried to Boston. Many of Salem's finest families went with it; in fact, there were two so-called "migrations" to Boston. The hall of the "East India Marine Society" contains many priceless reminders of Salem's former glory and varied fortunes, which remain as earnest of the past. No one can enter this hall, however, without being carried back in spirit to the maritime days of fifty years ago. All sorts of beautiful curiosities brought by the old sea-captains and deposited here confront the visitor—a mandarin; a group of Bombay or Calcutta merchants; a god; a Chinese joss-house; carved ivory balls, one within the other, all wrought by patient Oriental hands; a palanquin; a bath-tub from India or China (comforting assurance that bathing was not a lost art there); and hundreds of other objects which are carefully arranged in large glass cases—among them many things which, since the general opening up of Asia to Europeans, could not perhaps be procured for love or for money by the merchant of to-day. Children steal through the quiet room with full hearts and wondering eyes, for there is everything to appeal to the youthful fancy, to arouse curiosity, and to stir up that latent longing to see far-away places where things are so different from home. Older people visit the place again and again, and those who go to Salem for merely a day of sight-seeing always linger there, and leave reluctantly.

The city was incorporated March 23, 1836, and the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall was in the following May chosen as the first Mayor, and from all accounts it was a very fitting choice.



THE NICHOLS HOUSE

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LEVERETT SALTONSTALL

Photographed from the original by Mr. Frank Cousins, of Salem, Mass.

He was a gentleman, a State Senator, Member of Congress, and author of "A Historical Sketch of Haverhill." From various accounts it would seem that Saltonstall in his youth was quite a beau, and was fond of "jigging it away most merrily" with many of the Salem belles who enjoyed his attentions. His portrait—and it represents a refined, intelligent face—hangs in the new Law Library of the Salem Court-House. Mrs. Silsbee speaks of him in her book, "A Half-Century in Salem," as "intelligent, musical, generous, and cordial," and we find it all in his face. Mr. Saltonstall was followed as Mayor by others of good family and parts. Salem, the city, has grown slowly, but so surely that the descendants of the old families are now in a very small minority.

So far as research reveals, Salem has always had phenomenally pretty girls. There is nothing to the contrary in the ancient records; and in the more modern ones, besides the living testimony, there is a great deal of evidence to confirm the boast. Our Puritan ancestors would have deemed it frivolous to even think on such a matter, and a positive crime to write it down; but we believe there must have been many as beautiful as Priscilla in the early Salem colony on the Naumkeag River, and that these ancient beauties have handed down the heritage until it has reached the present generation.

Salem, in common with all New England towns and cities, adheres religiously to a baked-bean diet Saturday night and Sunday morning; and some old brick ovens which were built in one bakery nearly two hundred years ago are still in use; the bean-pots and beautifully baked loaves of brown bread are lifted out with wooden paddles and dispensed to a regular Sunday morning group of customers. There is a story told of a Beverly

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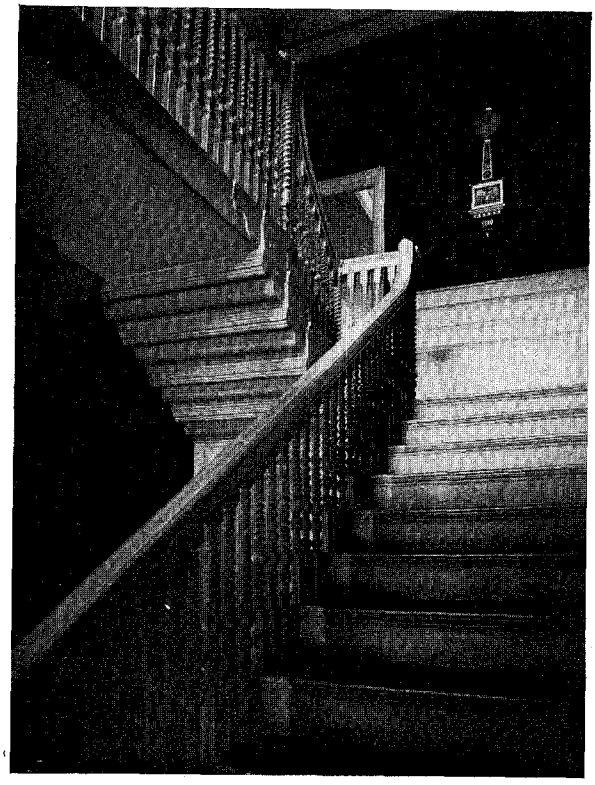

STAIRWAY OF THE HODGES HOUSE
Samuel Macintire, Architect (1757-1811).

sea-captain who flew a signal of distress on the high seas. A passing steamer sighted the signals, turned out of her course, and hastened to the relief of the distressed vessel. They could see nothing amiss as they approached, so they called out to know what was the matter. The reply from the Beverly ship was this: "We're five days from port, and have only seven barrels of beans left." Whether the steamer tarried longer to render assistance to the poor distressed crew is a matter which the historian has left in doubt. The tale would have been as applicable to Salem as to Beverly.

No attempted record of Salem, past and present, however small, would be complete without a mention of the famous confections "Black Jack" and "Gibraltar." One cannot do more than mention them and the fact that they have been manufactured in Salem, and Salem alone, for more than sixty years, for it is impossible to describe their delicacy and originality of flavor. The fact that Mr. Spencer, the man who first manufactured them, and who with his mother peddled them in a handcart for a number of years, was a man of so much learning that he often delivered lectures at the Salem Lyceum, though worthy of remark in other places, is perfectly consistent with Salem traditions. A great many of the people and the things which flourish in Salem are peculiar to the place and would not thrive elsewhere; in other words, they are so thoroughly indigenous that they would not be understood, or perhaps tolerated, in a place whose population was shifting. But Salem cherishes all that is old, and as conditions of life change and the old landmarks melt away, she appreciates more and more her varied history in the past, and seeks to preserve it.

No written words could ever describe the atmosphere of the old place. Isolated houses or isolated events may be touched upon, but Salem as a whole can never be drawn. It must be seen and must be felt. There are beautiful wide streets lined with noble trees, whose boughs form a natural Gothic archway; stately houses stand on either side, surrounded by gardens laid out with rows of box; the bustle and turmoil of the great hurrying world do not disturb the people who live here. There are lively business streets, and crooked lanes lined with quaint and crooked houses. And leading out of Salem to "Salem pastures" is the old turnpike along which Salem boys and girls trudge in search of frozen swamps for skating, or of wild flowers in the early spring.

If Salem's future history is not as varied as that of her past, it must not be forgotten that she has already done more than her share towards making the history of her country; but if another Colonel Leslie should approach the peaceful old city with the same design on her citizens' liberty, I feel sure that Salem would not be backward in making history again.

So the o'erwearied pilgrim, as he fares
Along life's summer waste, at times is fanned,
Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs
Of a serener and a holier land,
Fresh as the morn, and as the dewfall bland.
Breath of the blessed heaven for which we pray,
Blow from the eternal hills! make glad our earthly way!

—*Whittier.*

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The Story of Gladstone's Life[1]

By Justin McCarthy

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Four Georges," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE RISE OF THE LIBERAL-UNIONISTS

IT soon came out that Mr. Gladstone's mind was made up. Even the fact that at the general elections the Irish population, under the direction of their leaders, had voted against him did not change his views. Time had given the answer to that question in one of the division lobbies so many years before: Why do you, a mere handful of men, call yourselves the representatives of Ireland? His own Franchise Bill, among other things, had enabled us to prove that we were the representatives of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone knew very well that when we voted against him at the general elections it was because we had been set on by the Tories to believe that Lord Salisbury would give us Home Rule, and we were prepared to take Home Rule from any hands, the first that gave it to us. Into the long controversy concerning promises made to us by the Tories it would be futile now to enter. Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill had the immediate effect of creating a new party in English political life. Up to this time there had been, roughly speaking, only two great political parties, the Liberals and the Tories. The Liberals had a certain division among themselves in the fact that some were very progressive even as Liberals, and some were so cautious and inclined to hold back that they differed little from the more enlightened of the Tories. Still, whenever any party question arose, the

[1] Copyright, 1897, by The Outlook Company.

ALL THE GRANDCHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. W. E. GLADSTONE

This picture was a golden wedding present to their grandparents, 1889. From a photograph by Mr. Watmough Webster of Chester

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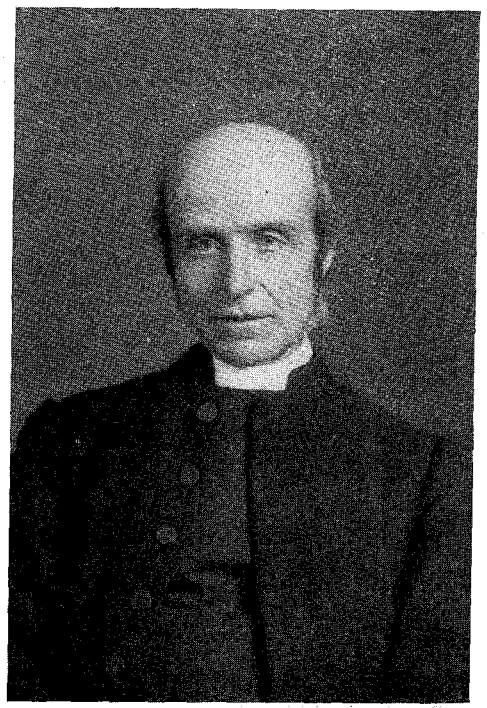
MRS. WICKHAM, MR. W. E. GLADSTONE'S ELDEST DAUGHTER

Wife of the Dean of Lincoln. From a photograph by Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, of London.



THE VERY REV. EDWARD CHARLES WICKHAM, D.D.

Dean of Lincoln and formerly Head Master of Wellington College. Mr. Gladstone's son-in-law. From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, London.

Liberals usually, although not invariably, voted as one man, and the Conservatives invariably, or almost invariably, voted as one man. But now arose a new party, made up of Liberals who were opposed to Mr. Gladstone's whole policy of Home Rule, and who called themselves Unionists—that is to say, supporters of the Act of Union which abolished the Irish National Parliament at the beginning of the century. These men broke away from Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals, and set up a party of their own. This party at the outset professed and promised to be absolutely independent, but after a while naturally, and almost inevitably, became absorbed into the ranks of the Tories; and, as we shall presently see, many of its leading members soon accepted places in the Tory Administration. The most influential of the Unionists was Lord Hartington, now the Duke of Devonshire. The most active and conspicuous was Mr. Chamberlain. I need not go through the list of other names. I do not regard Mr. Bright as a member of the Unionist party, because, although, to the great surprise of some of us, he opposed Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy, he never identified himself with any new political organization, and it is utterly impossible to think of his becoming a member of a Tory Government.

The secession of Lord Hartington surprised nobody. Lord Hartington had, as I have said already, never shown the slightest sympathy with genuine Liberalism or with any really progressive movement. Lord Hartington's great ambition in life was apparently a desire to be let alone. Mr. Chamberlain's action, on the other hand, surprised almost everybody. He had come into political life as an extreme Radical. He was regarded by the old-fashioned Tories as a red republican, a revolutionist, an Anarchist, and I know not what else. They feared him and hated him. He had denounced the landlord class in England again and again in bitter and in scathing words. He was the uncompromising enemy of the House of Lords. He was in cordial sympathy and alliance with the members of the Irish National party. He rose in the House of Commons once to pay a tribute of praise to Mr. Parnell, and to express his regret that he had not paid such a tribute of praise long before. He was one of the Commissioners, if I may use the expression, who arranged the famous Kilmainham Treaty, as it was called, between Mr. Gladstone's Government and Mr. Parnell. I

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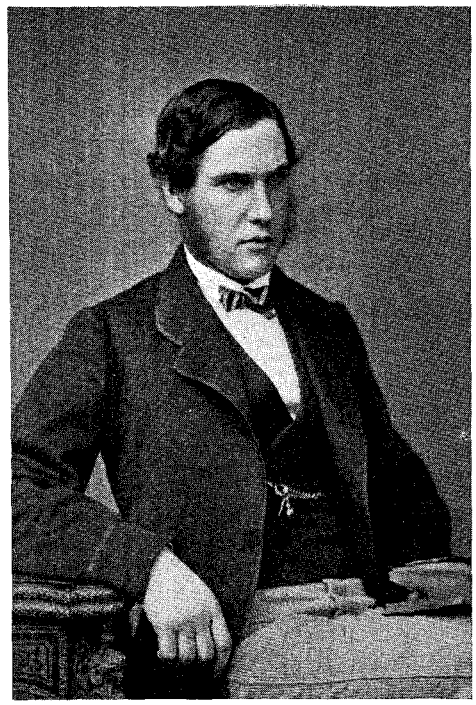
had many opportunities of interchanging ideas with Mr. Chamberlain at that time, and I never understood that he was not in favor of Home Rule. When Mr. Gladstone brought in his first Home Rule measure, there was some excuse for Mr. Chamberlain's withdrawing from the Government. The first Home Rule measure proposed to leave to Irishmen the management of their own affairs in a Dublin Parliament, and to have no Irish representatives in the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. The Irish National party were, on the whole, quite willing to accept this proposal. They did not particularly want to be in the Imperial Parliament, and they were glad to get Home Rule on almost any terms. But there were two strong objections to the scheme. One of these, sustained by some English Members of Parliament who were and are as strong Home Rulers as I am, was that the whole principle which associates taxation with representation would be violated by setting up a House of Commons which could tax Ireland without Ireland's consent. The other objection, which was started mainly by Irishmen living in England, was that if there were to be no Irish representatives in the Imperial Parliament, there would be nobody in that Parliament to look after the interests of the two or three millions of Irishmen living in Great Britain. Therefore, there did seem some reasonable show of principle in the opposition of Mr. Chamberlain and others to Mr. Gladstone's first scheme of Home Rule. That measure was rejected by the House of Commons.

But when Mr. Gladstone later on gave in to the pressure of the Liberal objections to his scheme, and in his second Home Rule Bill, after his return to office in 1892 and the general elections of that year, provided that Ireland should be still represented in the Imperial Parliament for Imperial purposes, just as a State in the American Union is represented in Washington for Federal purposes, Mr. Chamberlain still continued to oppose the measure with all his might and main. Sir George Trevelyan was one of those who had resigned his office in Mr. Gladstone's Administration because he could not approve of the first Home Rule Bill. Mr. Chamberlain and he then made the same objection to the measure. But when the main cause of objection was withdrawn, Sir George Trevelyan at once returned to his allegiance to Mr. Gladstone, and took office as a supporter of the second Home Rule Bill. Mr. Cham-



THE LATE WILLIAM HENRY GLADSTONE

Mr. W. E. Gladstone's eldest son. For some time Mr. W. H. Gladstone sat in Parliament as member for East Worcestershire. From a photograph by Messrs. Maull & Fox, London.

MASTER WILLIAM GLYNNE CHARLES GLADSTONE

Son of the late William Henry Gladstone, and heir to the estate of Hawarden. From a photograph by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester.

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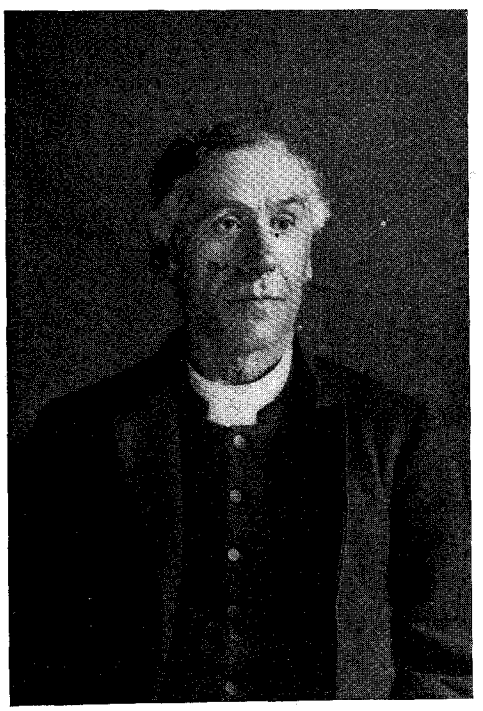
MISS HELEN GLADSTONE

Mr. Gladstone's only unmarried daughter. From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, London.



THE REV. STEPHEN GLADSTONE

Mr. Gladstone's second son. Rector of Hawarden. The list of Rectors goes back to 1180. From a photograph by Messrs Elliott & Fry, London.

berlain could not be induced to follow his example, and persisted in leading a separate party in the House of Commons. His attitude was perplexing to those who had acted with him in former days. People, of course, interpreted it in different ways. Some said that it was the story of Disraeli over again. Disraeli began as a Radical and almost a Socialist. The commonly accepted theory of his life is that he found that there were too many clever and rising men on the Liberal side, and he thought he had better betake himself to the Tories, among whom there was certainly no redundancy of youthful genius. According to this suggestion, Mr. Chamberlain's idea was that there was more chance for him on the Tory side than there could be under the overmastering influence of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Chamberlain was dissatisfied, people insisted, because Mr. Gladstone would persist in remaining at the head of affairs. He was ambitious, and might have said, like Hamlet, whom he resembled so little in most ways, "I lack advancement." In one of his speeches about that time he made an unlucky reference to the satisfaction it gave him to be in the society of English gentlemen. Ill-natured critics seized upon the phrase, and twisted it and turned it to all manner of applications. One perverse critic quoted the saying of Becky Sharp, in "Vanity Fair," to George Osborne, by whose family she had once been employed as governess, and whom she now, having got to a higher place, wished to annoy: "But, oh! Mr. George, what a pleasure it is to find one's self in the society of English gentlemen!" Naturally, such criticism did not tend to make Mr. Chamberlain any the better affected towards his former friends and colleagues. He went steadily along his new way. He became a defender of the House of Lords. He became a champion of the cause of the landlords. He opposed every Liberal measure. Finally, as his enemies put it, he had his reward. He became a member of a Tory Government. He became as such a colleague of Lord Hartington, of the Lord Hartington whom, when leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain had denounced in the face of the whole House as too laggard and reactionary for his position, and had contemptuously described as the "late" leader of the Liberal party.

Probably the Unionist party has no future before it. It is likely to become wholly absorbed in Toryism. There was no particular

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reason why Lord Hartington, the present Duke of Devonshire, should ever have had anything to do with Radicalism and Radical measures. He probably would have described himself as a Whig of the old school, if he had really taken the trouble to consider what the Whigs of the old school were. But he took his political position just as it came to him, and he was content for a long time to work under Mr. Gladstone with patience, if without enthusiasm. He did the work set for him to do steadily and loyally enough, although he showed himself more than once a little puzzled by Mr. Gladstone's interest in the cause of the Irish tenant. The Home Rule scheme was quite too much for him, and rather than be a Home Ruler he consented to become a Tory. When such a man once enters the Tory ranks, there is no conceivable reason why he should ever emerge from them. In Mr. Chamberlain's case it is not likely that, even if he wished to return to the Liberal party, the Liberal party could welcome him back. When the Home Rule question is settled—and it will be settled some time, let pessimists say what they may—there will be no further reason for the existence of any so-called Unionist party.

Mr. Gladstone meanwhile bore himself with characteristic courage and good feeling. He had lifted Mr. Chamberlain into power, and Mr. Chamberlain had turned against him. That in itself would be nothing to find fault with. No man in public life is supposed to pledge himself to follow any leader whithersoever the leader may go. If Mr. Chamberlain was conscientiously opposed to Home Rule for Ireland, he was absolutely right in withdrawing from Mr. Gladstone's Government when Mr. Gladstone went in for Home Rule. But in this instance Mr. Chamberlain had set himself against Mr. Gladstone with a bitterness and a vehemence which scandalized many even of Mr. Chamberlain's own friends and allies.

Mr. Gladstone was always magnanimous and forgiving in his personal dealings with those who had deserted him and had come to oppose him. I remember being present in the House of Commons when a curious and a touching little scene took place. Mr. Austin Chamberlain, son of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, had made a speech in opposition to some policy or other of Mr. Gladstone, who was still Prime Minister. Mr. Gladstone came to reply on the whole debate, and he paused to make a special comment upon Mr. Austin

MR. HENRY NEVILLE GLADSTONE

Mr. Gladstone's third son. From a photograph by Mr. Watmough Webster of Chester.

THE RT. HON. HERBERT GLADSTONE, M.P.

Mr. Gladstone's fourth son. Since 1880 Mr. Herbert Gladstone has represented Leeds in Parliament. From a photograph by Messrs. Russell & Sons, London.

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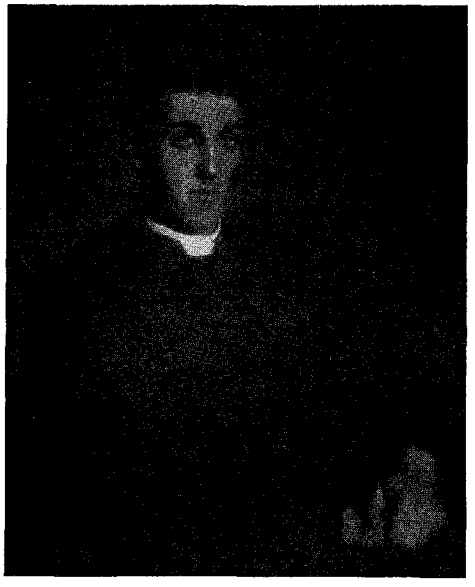
Chamberlain's speech. The elder Chamberlain leaned forward in his seat with a look of something like irritated expectancy. Could it be that he thought Mr. Gladstone was about to say something scornful or severe of the young man's speech? Could it be that he really fancied that such was the sort of use a political opponent would naturally make of such an opportunity? Mr. Gladstone broke into a few sentences of what was evidently the most sincere praise of young Chamberlain's speech, and he spoke in some touching words of the pleasure which such a speech must give to the father of the speaker. Mr. Chamberlain seemed to me, I must say, to be



THE REV. HARRY DREW

Mr. Gladstone's son-in-law. From the painting by Mr. C. W. Furse. Specially photographed for The Outlook by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester.

deeply affected. He quite lost his composure for a moment; it was plain that he was deeply moved. Mr. Gladstone had not used the opportunity in the way that he had apparently expected, but for a very different and far more congenial purpose. Now, there was, of course, nothing particularly wonderful in the fact that a great statesman and orator should praise a speech delivered by the son of a prominent and a bitter political opponent. Mr. Austin Chamberlain's was really a brilliant speech, full of the happiest promise. But still the genuine warmth and the sincere gladness of Mr. Gladstone's panegyric, following on Mr. Chamberlain's attitude and expression of what I have called irritated expectancy, and succeeded by Mr. Chamberlain's collapse into sincere apologetic emotion, made up for me a picture which I could not help regarding as an illustration of the ways of the two men. I may say that on no occasion have I ever known Mr. Gladstone to behave with anything but magnanimity and generosity even to the bitterest of his political opponents.

It is so in public life, it is so in private life. During the fiercest struggles with the Irish party in the days of obstruction, Mr. Gladstone once peremptorily interfered with Mr. Forster, who was then Irish Secretary, on behalf of one of the Irish members who was cast into prison as what was called a suspect. This Irish member was a medical man by profession, and he held a position on one or two medical boards under the control of Dublin Castle. Mr. Gladstone knew little or nothing about this Irish member, and certainly knew nothing about the fact that the medical man, when he was put into prison, had also been deprived of his public appointments. A debate on the subject was started by the Nationalist members, and during the course of the debate Mr. Gladstone came in and learned for the first time that this double penalty had been inflicted on the Dublin physician. His quick and eager sense of justice revolted against the idea. Let it be clearly borne in mind that the men who were cast into prison under this Suspect Act, as I may call it, were not convicted of any offense, were not charged with any offense, nor was there any intention of making any charge against them. They were simply suspected of being persons whose sympathy with the National movement might render it dangerous for them to be left at large while there was still trouble in the air. Mr. Gladstone had clearly understood that such men were put into prison for the safety of the community, and for their own safety as well; that they were "interned," if I may use the expression, at the discretion of the authorities, but that when they were allowed out of prison they were to suffer no further privation or stigma. It was plain to Mr. Gladstone's just and generous mind that this Irish Nationalist member ought not to be deprived of any public appointment which he had held before his imprisonment. He was a medical man of high standing in his profession, and had always borne an honorable character in public and in private. His only offense was that he was an ardent Nationalist, and it was not

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MRS. DREW (MISS MARY GLADSTONE)
From a photograph taken in 1896 by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester.

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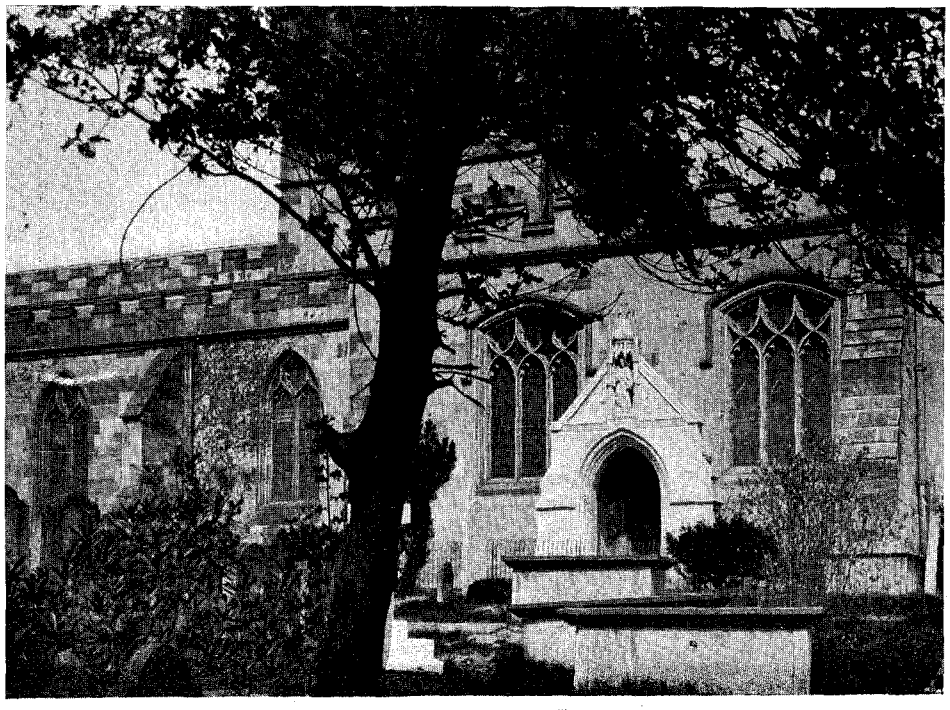
HAWARDEN CASTLE

North front, showing Jubilee Porch.



HAWARDEN CHURCH

Memorial Porch erected by his brothers and sisters in honor of the late William Henry Gladstone.

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even asserted that an ardent Nationalist might not also be a skillful medical practitioner. All this came home to Mr. Gladstone's mind while he sat listening to the debate, the whole subject of which was new to him. He remonstrated earnestly with Mr. Forster, who was in certain moods a particularly obstinate man. Mr. Gladstone's sense of justice, however, prevailed over Mr. Forster's obstinacy, and the released prisoner was restored to his public appointments.

I could go on mentioning cases such as this to illustrate the breadth of Mr. Gladstone's mind, and the total absence of any feeling of personal ill will in his dealings with his opponents. I have no doubt that he continues to this day to be on terms of personal friendship with Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Disraeli at one time tried him a great deal, but that was because Mr. Disraeli never seemed to Mr. Gladstone to have anything serious in him, never seemed to have any faith in one cause or another, and appeared to be led and governed altogether by political ambition. Where the treasure is, there the heart will be; and the treasure in that case, Mr. Gladstone doubtless believed, was mere political success. Therefore he sometimes appeared to me to be rather hard on Disraeli—probably all the more hard upon him because he saw Mr. Disraeli's tremendous capacity for commanding admiration and leading people astray. Mr. Chamberlain, of course, had no gifts which could compare in show and splendor with those of Disraeli, but still he was a keen, capable, and unsparing man, and at the moment of a great political crisis he contrived to stab Mr. Gladstone in the back. Yet I never heard Mr. Gladstone, in public or private, say an unfair word of Mr. Chamberlain. There was never anything small or mean in Mr. Gladstone's relations with his political enemies.

GOLDEN WEDDING FOUNTAIN
In the main street of Hawarden Village, opposite Hawarden Park entrance.

CHAPTER XXXII.—"THE LONG DAY'S TASK IS DONE"

I have put, for convenience, my general account of the two Home Rule measures of Mr. Gladstone into two chapters. The Home Rule measure of 1886 was defeated because of the secession of a number of Liberals, who found, or professed to find, their strong objection to the bill in the fact that it excluded Ireland from representation in the Parliament at Westminster. The second Home Rule measure was introduced to meet and amend that special objection. Ireland was to have a representation of eighty members in the Imperial House of Commons, that number being her exact representation in proportion to the population. Bu these Irish members were not to vote on any measure exclusively affecting Great Britain. By this alteration of his former measure Mr. Gladstone hoped to be able to get over two sets of objections. The first was the objection of those who complained of Ireland's being taxed by the Imperial Parliament without representation. The second was the objection of those who complained that, whereas the English members could not interfere in the affairs of Ireland, Irish members might come over to the Imperial Parliament and interfere in the affairs of England.

In the interval between the rejection of the first Home Rule measure by the House of Commons and the introduction of the second scheme many things had happened. There had, for example, been a great split in the Irish party, which had led to the deposition of Mr. Parnell from the leadership. Many of the best friends in England of Home Rule were afraid that the principle had, for our time at least, received a death-blow. Mr. Gladstone was not of any such opinion. When he became Prime Minister for the fourth time, he at once resumed his policy of

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A GLADSTONE BOOK-PLATE

Home Rule. On Monday, the 14th of February, 1893, Mr. Gladstone introduced his bill "for the better government of Ireland." The bill was met with every possible method of obstruction. Mr. Gladstone's energy, enthusiasm, and eloquence triumphed over all opposition. The debates on the various stages of the bill spread over practically the whole of the session. The bill at last was carried through the House of Commons, and in September was sent up to the House of Lords. The House of Lords disposed of it after four nights' debate, and rejected it by a majority of more than ten to one. Mr. Gladstone might, on the whole, have been well content. The Peers reject every great reform measure which comes before them for the first time. They never resist for long. They yield when they see that public opinion is determined.

Many of Mr. Gladstone's followers insisted then that he ought to have appealed to the country at once on the one question of Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone no doubt had good reasons for not appealing to the country once again just at that moment. But the strength of the Government was undoubtedly diminished by the defeat of the Home Rule Bill, and by the inaction that followed that defeat. The Government got into conflict with the House of Lords on two or three measures of purely social and municipal interest. There did not seem force enough left in the House of Commons to thrust these measures on the Hereditary Chamber. In one instance Mr. Gladstone himself withdrew a bill because it seemed hopeless to press it on against the hostile action of the House of Lords. There was a sort of languor, almost a kind of despondency, spreading itself like dry-rot among the ranks of the Liberal party. A keen observer might well have seen that a crisis of some sort was close at hand. Such a crisis was indeed close at hand—much closer at hand, in fact, than most of us then imagined.

The House of Commons adjourned on the 21st of September, 1893, for a very short recess. Mr. Gladstone, who had been unflagging in his attendance at all the sittings, determined that the House must meet again on the 2d of November. The House did so meet, and, with only a short interval of Christmas holidays, sat up to the 5th of March, 1894. Mr. Gladstone had been enjoying a short holiday at Biarritz, a favorite holiday place of his, and he came back to the House at the end of February. During his absence persistent rumors had been going about in London to the effect that he had made up his mind to resign his office as Prime Minister. These assertions were contradicted now and again in a guarded sort of way by persons who professed to have Mr. Gladstone's authority for the contradictions. Meanwhile a good many of us were allowed to know that Mr. Gladstone's mind was, at all events, gradually and earnestly turning towards a decision for his early resignation. Yet the outer public somehow thought little of the rumors, and perhaps found it almost impossible to believe that there could be in our time a House of Commons without Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Lucy has described the occasion on the first of March, 1894, when Mr. Gladstone made his last speech at the table of the House of Commons in the capacity of Prime Minister. "While the House," says Mr. Lucy, "was crowded to its fullest capacity, it did not surely know what was happening. The air was full of rumors, but the immediate effect of the speech was to discredit the supposition that resignation was imminent. That it had been decided upon and must take place at an early date was accepted as inevitable. There was, indeed, one passage, forming the closing words of this memorable speech, that, read by the light of subsequent events, plainly indicated Mr. Gladstone's position—that of

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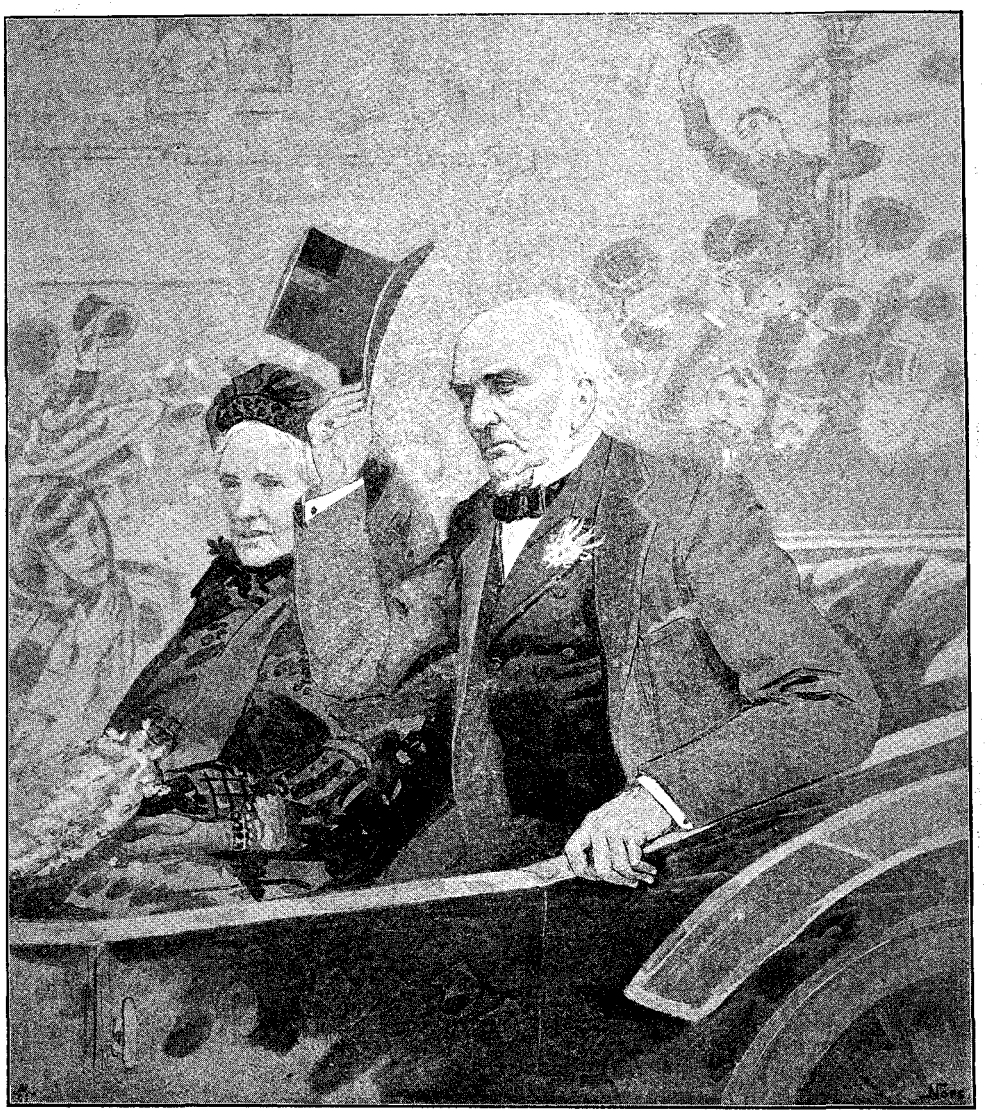
a knight who had laid down his well-worn sword, hung up his dinted armor, content thereafter to look on the lists where others strove." The House of Lords, in accentuation of an attitude long assumed, had, he said, within the last twelve months shown itself ready, not to modify, but to annihilate, the work of the House of Commons. "In our judgment," Mr. Gladstone said, slowly and emphatically, "this state of things cannot continue." After a pause necessitated by the vociferous cheering of the Liberals, he added: "For me, my duty terminates with calling the attention of the House to the fact that it really is impossible to set aside—that we are considering a part, an essential and inseparable part, of a question enormously large, a question that has become profoundly acute, a question that will demand a settlement, and must at an early date receive that settlement, from the highest authority." That question was, of course, the jurisdiction of the House of Lords. The matter immediately before the House of Commons was not one of supreme importance, but still it involved a conflict between the Representative Chamber and the Hereditary Chamber. Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme had been de-



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE

Passing through the streets of Glasgow during the campaign preceding the elections of 1892. From a drawing.

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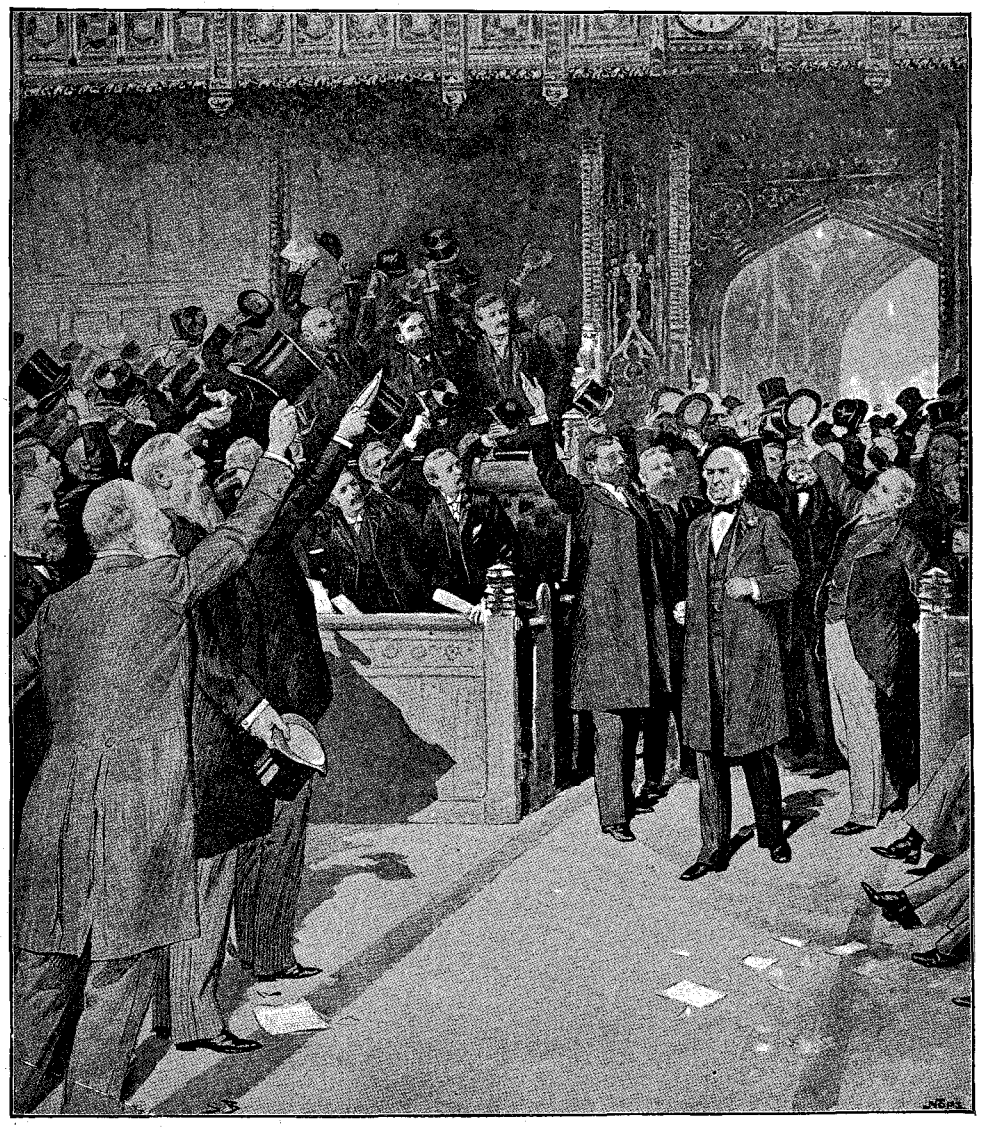
stroyed for the time by the action of the House of Lords, and his mind must have gone back to many a crisis when some great scheme of reform had been retarded in its movement by the same irresponsible authority. Observe that the House of Lords is not really capable of preventing any great measure from being carried in the end. It can only retard and obstruct; and it always gives way when pressure enough has been put on it to make it clear that the public is becoming impatient of its intervention. Even if one could believe that the whole country belonged to the peers and the landlords, there would still be no justification for the existence and operation of the House of Lords, inasmuch as the peers always give way when public indignation becomes too strong to be resisted. Mr. Gladstone had fought against the House of Lords on many a momentous occasion of his public life. It was but fitting that he should take leave of public life with an announcement that the time had come when the country must pronounce a decisive opinion on the



MR. GLADSTONE'S RECEPTION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AFTER THE GREAT DIVISION IN AUGUST, 1892

From a drawing by Mr. S. Begg, of London.

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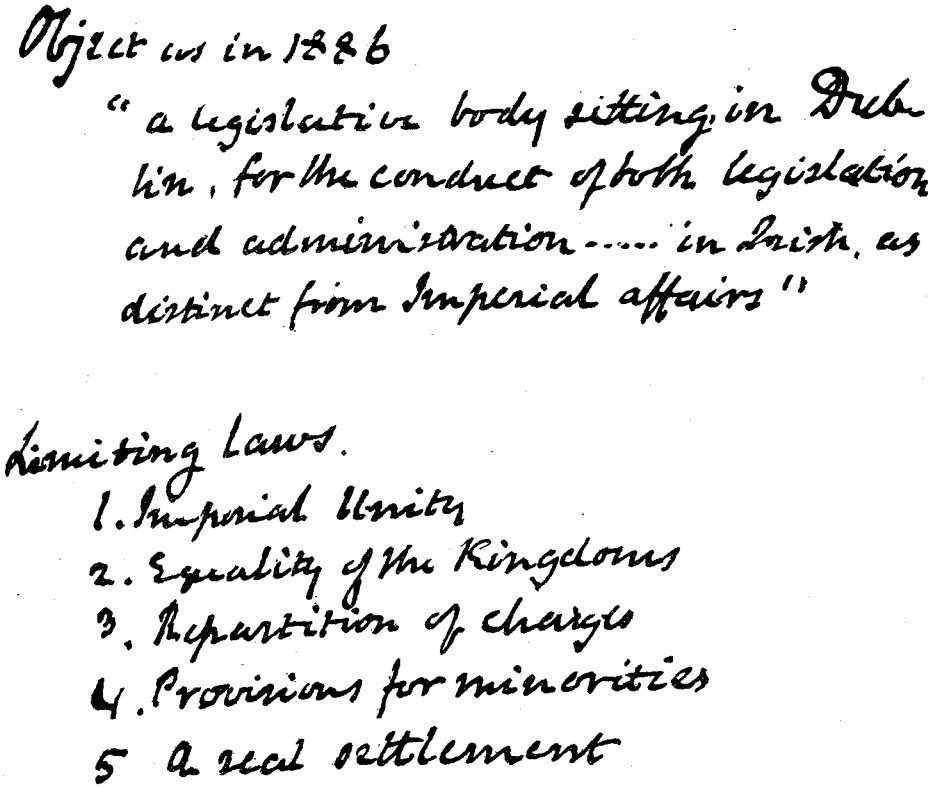
Objects in 1886
"a legislative body sitting in Dublin, for the conduct of both legislation and administration ..... in Irish affairs as distinct from Imperial affairs"
Limiting Laws.
1. Imperial Unity
2. Equality of the Kingdoms
3. Repartition of charges
4. Provisions for minorities
5 a real settlement

MR. GLADSTONE'S NOTES FOR HIS SPEECH ON HOME RULE, 1893

position of the House of Lords. Yet it was not understood in the House of Commons, at least by the majority of those who listened to him, that that was to be Mr. Gladstone's last utterance in the assembly where he had been conspicuous for so many years. As Mr. Lucy puts it, "Looking on the upright figure standing by the brass-bound box, watching the mobile countenance, the free gestures, noting the ardor with which the flag was waved leading to a new battle-field, it was impossible to associate the thought of resignation with the Premier's mood." So, indeed, it happened that in the House of Commons few were those who knew that that was Mr. Gladstone's farewell to public life. If that had been known, the excitement and emotion in the House would have been something without precedent or parallel in our times.

But there was nothing of a farewell tone about the speech, nothing tragic, nothing even purposely pathetic, and, as Mr. Lucy says, the flag seemed to be waved leading to a new battle-field. Some of us, of course, were in the secret, or, at least, were vaguely forewarned of what we had to expect. Shortly after Mr. Gladstone sat down I met Mr. John Morley in one of the lobbies. "Is that, then," I asked, "the very last speech?" "The very last," was his reply. "I don't believe one-quarter of the men in the House understood it so," I said. "No," he replied, "but it is so all the same." Another man, not Mr. Gladstone, would probably on such an occasion have made it plain that he was giving his final farewell to the assembly which he had charmed and over which he had dominated by his eloquence for so many years. Lord Chatham certainly would not have allowed himself to pass out of public life without conveying to all men the idea that he spoke in Parliament for the last time. But Mr. Gladstone, with all his magnificent rhetorical gift and with all his dramatic instinct, had no thought of getting up a scene, had no thought of any tableau to precede the fall of the curtain. He was no doubt thinking only of the duty which must soon devolve upon the Representative Chamber—the duty of putting some limitation on the intervention of the House of Lords. Engrossed with that thought, and eager to stir the House of Commons to a full sense of its responsibilities and its duties, he not unnaturally conveyed the idea to the majority

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MRS. GLADSTONE IN THE LADIES' GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1893

of his audience that he was to lead a new campaign. The mind of at least one of his listeners went back to the day when, more than thirty years before, he had denounced the conduct of the House of Lords in preventing the repeal of the tax on paper as "a gigantic innovation," which the Representative Chamber was bound to resist. As he had taken upon himself the leadership of that movement on the part of the House of Commons in 1860, it was not unnatural that, by the kindling energy of his manner when he spoke in that March of 1894, he should have led most people to believe that he was ready for the battle again. Certainly there was nothing in his apparent physical energy, in his voice, in his gesture, in his manner, to indicate that he found himself unfitted for any further Parliamentary struggle. More than twenty years before he had formally resigned the leadership of the Liberal party, on the ground that he was outworn and could no longer continue the fight Yet, on the first moment when a great public crisis aroused the attention of the civilized world, he had come back, almost as a matter of course, to take his place at the head of the struggle. It could not, therefore, be wondered at if many men in the House of Commons, seeing the extraordinary vitality of the Prime Minister, should have thought that there was no greater reason why he should give up political life at the age of eighty-four than there had proved to be when, for a short time, he forsook it at the age of sixty-four. The truth is that we had all grown into the way of regarding Mr. Gladstone as a sort of being endowed with immortal youthfulness and vitality. The outer public, even the majority of members of the House of Commons, did not know that the sight of those luminous eyes had been fading and dimming, and that the statesman's hearing power had been giving way so much as to make official work a serious trial to him. We heard his voice, we noted his energy of movement and gesture, we were delighted by his thrilling eloquence, and we could not understand all in a moment why he should wish to retire from the field of his fame.

So, in the theatric sense, I should describe his last speech as a dramatic failure. Numbers of men lounged out of the House when the speech was over, not having the least idea that they were never again to hear that voice in Parliamentary debate. Yet I, for one, do not regret that Mr. Gladstone thus took his leave of political life. I am not sorry that there were no fireworks; that there was no tableau; that there was no melodramatic fall of the curtain. The orator making his closing speech was inspired by his subject, and was not thinking of himself. One single sentence interjected in the course of the speech would have told every one of his hearers what was coming, and would have led to a demonstration such as might probably never before have been known

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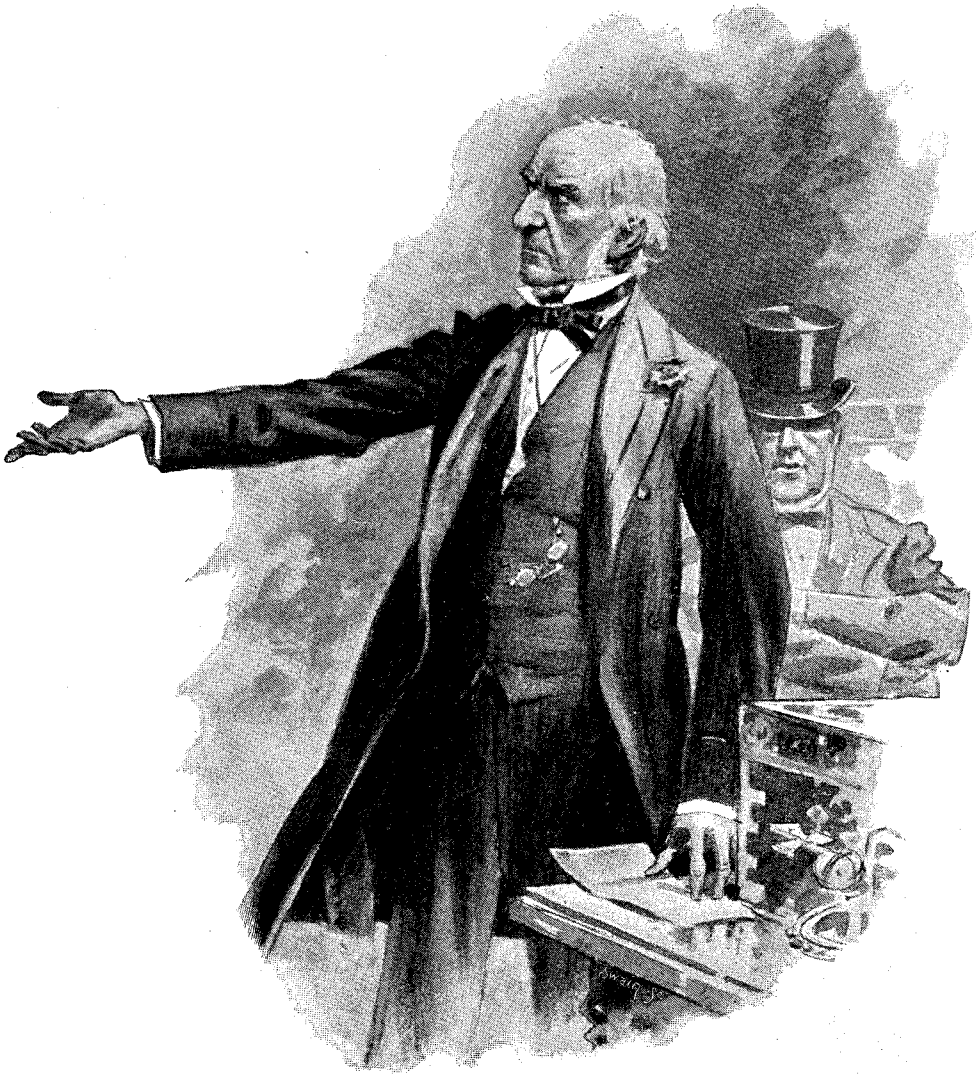

MR. GLADSTONE SPEAKING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1893

"I have no doubt that if the honorable member (Mr. Sexton) had made a speech such as you liked, you would have bestowed on him the same high praise as you bestow—not from any inveterate love of the individual—on my right honorable friend the member for Birmingham" (Mr. Chamberlain).

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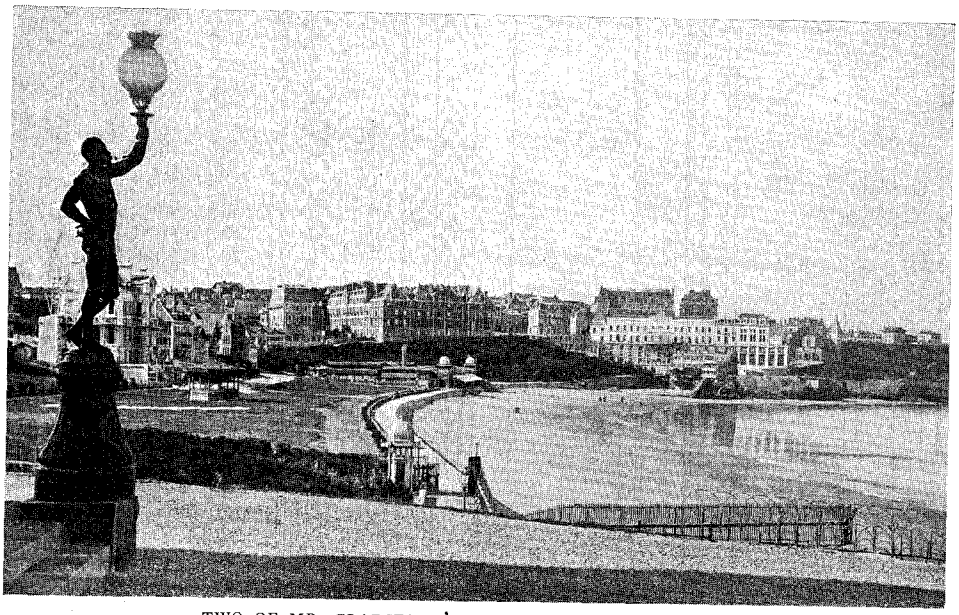

TWO OF MR. GLADSTONE'S FAVORITE WINTER RESORTS

I. BIARRITZ. THE PRINCIPAL BEACH

II. CANNES. THE OLD TOWN AND THE BOULEVARD DE LA CROISETTE

In the distance are the Esterel Mountains. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone spent last winter and the one before that at Cannes.

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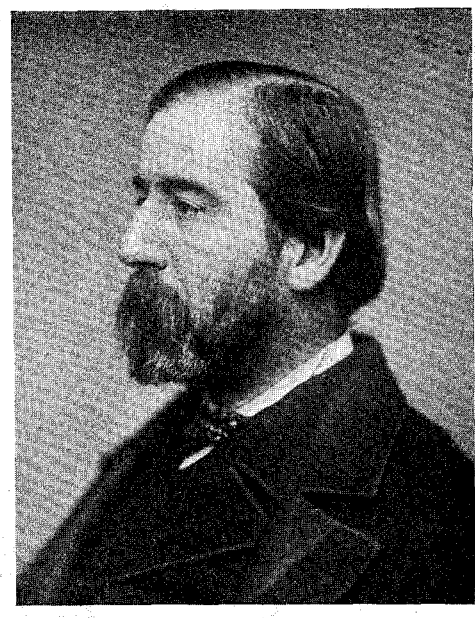
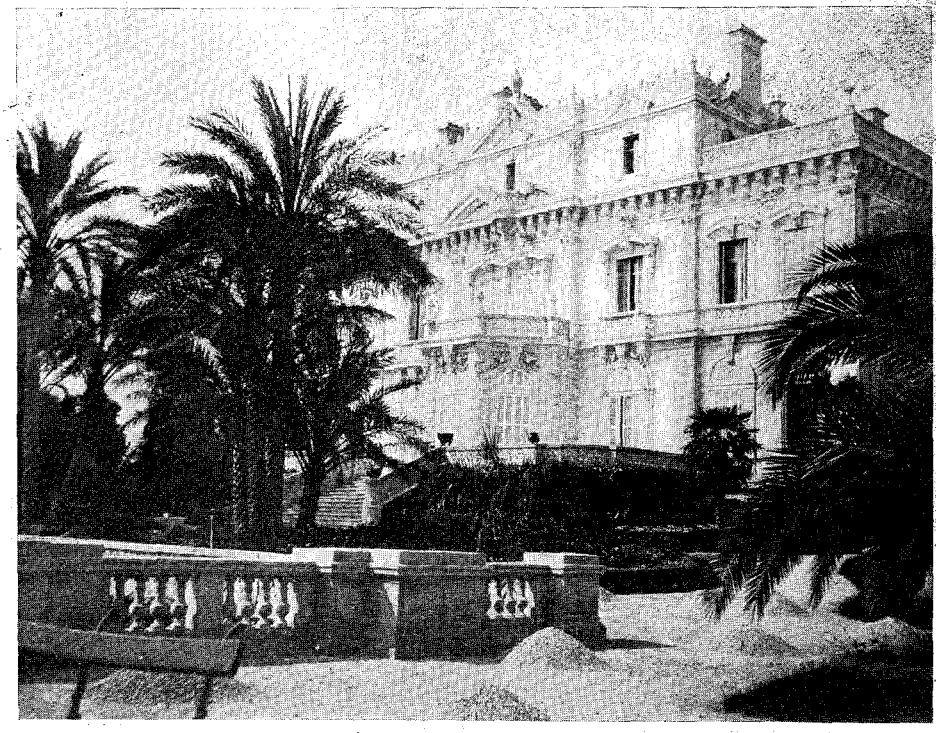
in the House of Commons. It did not suit Mr. Gladstone's tastes or inclinations to lead up to any such demonstration, and therefore, while he warned the House of Commons as to its duties and its responsibilities, he said not a word about himself and about his action in the future. Parliamentary history lost something, no doubt, by the manner of his exhortation, but I think the character of the man will be regarded as all the greater because at so supreme a moment he forgot that the noblest Parliamentary career of the Victorian era had come at last to its close. A single excerpt from that speech may be made:

"I have no difficulty in pronouncing a judgment on behalf of the Ministry in the issues that have been raised throughout this year between the two Houses. We take frankly, fully, and finally the side of the House of Commons. The House of Commons could not be a final judge in its own case, and I am by no means anxious to precipitate proceedings of that kind, however they may be invited by an impatience most natural in the circumstances of the case. No doubt, sir, there is a higher authority than the House of Commons. It is the authority of the nation, which must in the last resort decide. Happily, we know that we all of us are sufficiently trained in the habits of constitutional freedom to regard that issue as absolutely final upon



THE RT. HON. LORD RENDEL
From a photograph by Mr. Frederick Hollyer of London



THE CHÂTEAU DE THORENC AT CANNES
The winter residence of the Rt. Hon. Lord Rendel and the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone when at Cannes.

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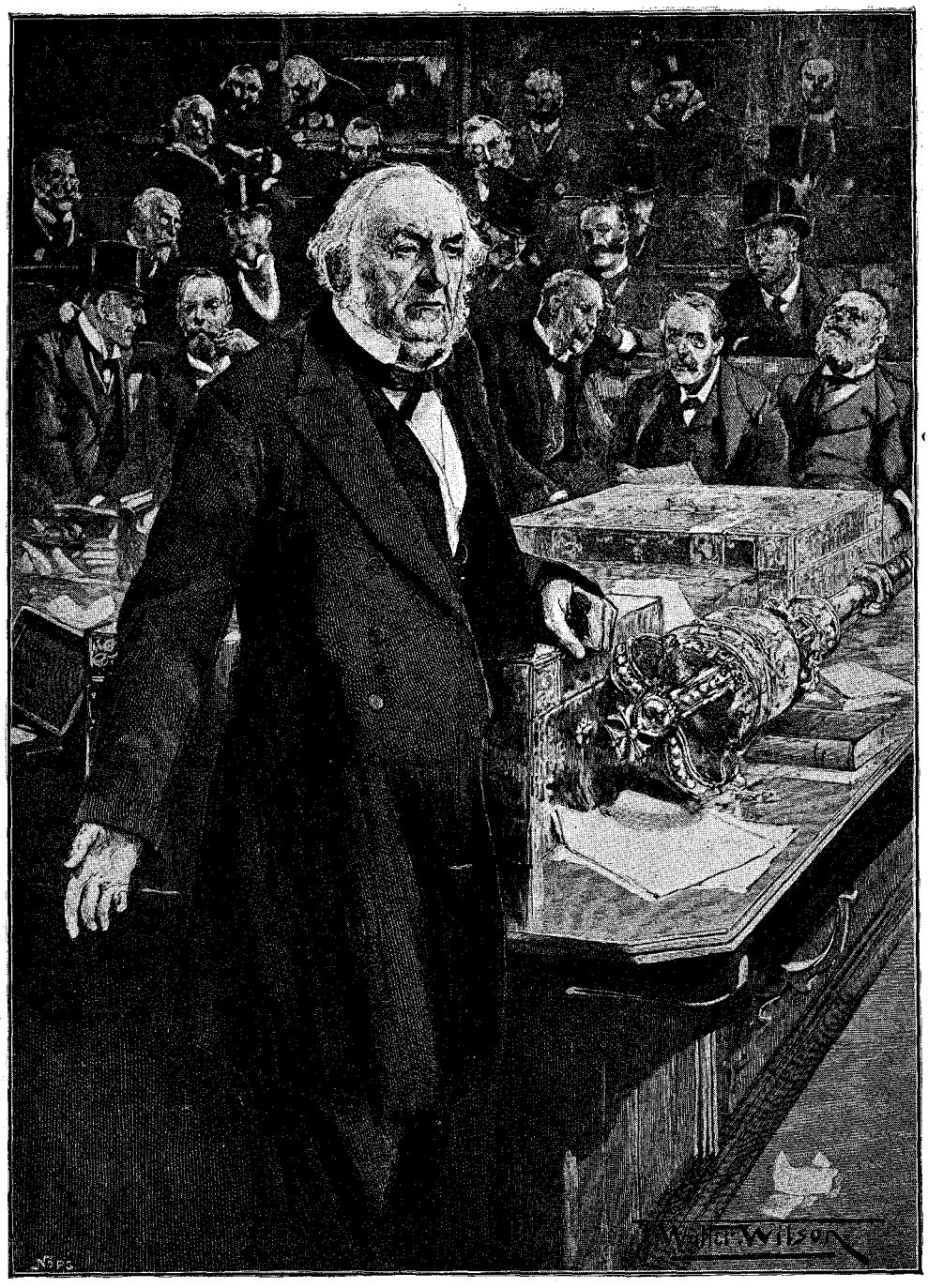

MR. GLADSTONE'S LAST SPEECH AS PRIME MINISTER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS (1894)
From a drawing by Mr. Walter Wilson, of London.

one and upon all alike of every one of these subjects."

On Monday, the fifth of March, 1894, I had what I may be allowed to call my last official interview with Mr. Gladstone. He wrote me a letter on the Saturday before asking me to call and see him at twelve o'clock on Monday. He was still occupying his official chambers in Downing Street. He received me, as was his wont, with the great-

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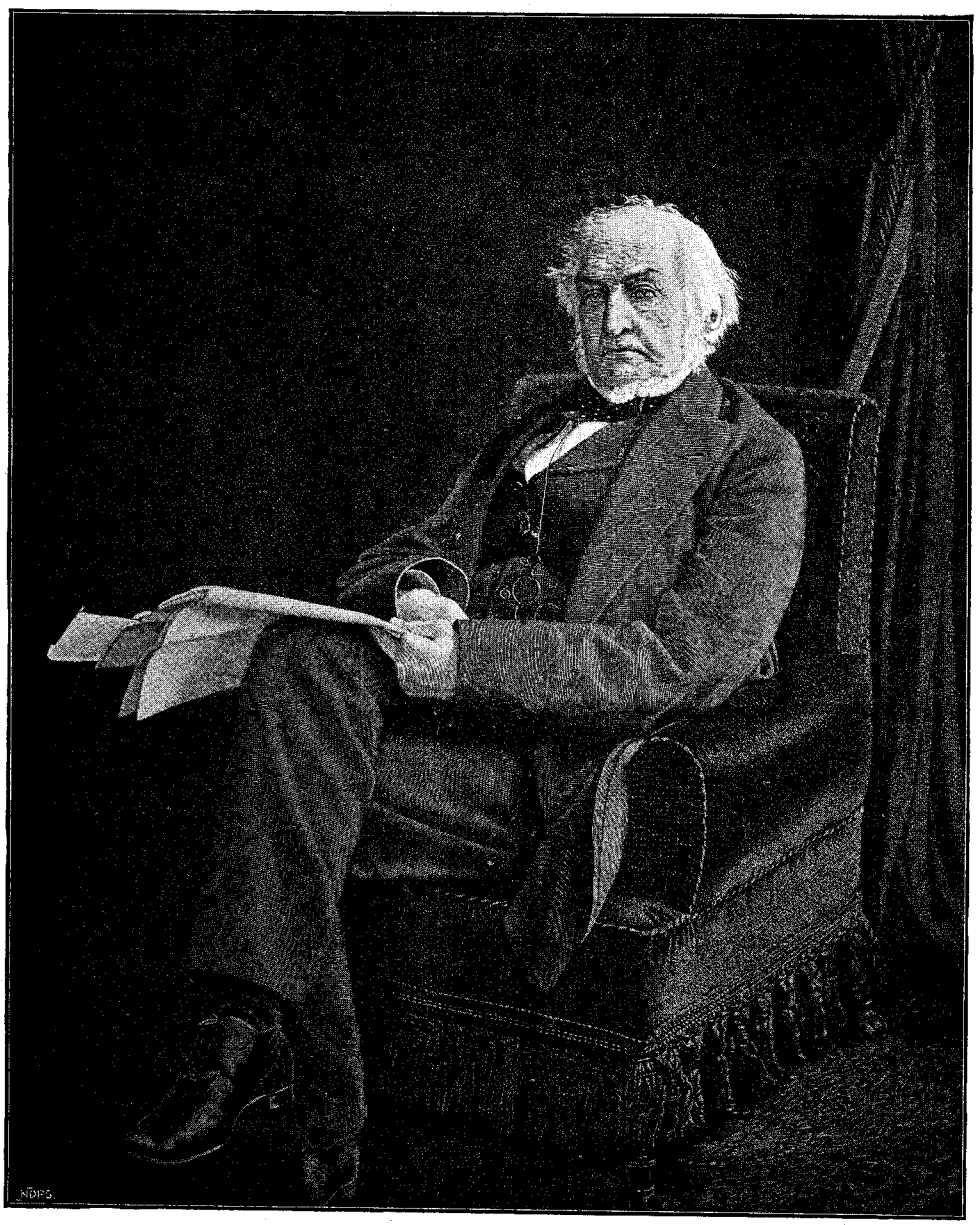

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

In his room in the Prime Minister's official residence, No. 10 Downing Street. Engraved by Mr. W. Biscombe Gardner from a photograph by Mr. J. Russell, of London. Mr. Gladstone was four times Prime Minister—1868–1874, 1880–1885, 1886, 1892–1894.

est kindness and friendship. We talked over many things—the past, the present, and the future. He was full of brilliant talk, as he always could be when in the mood, and he wandered off away from the track of our subjects many times to bring in reminiscences of the past, and of men whom he had known, and of political storm and stress in which he had had a serious part to play. I could not but admire the wonderful elasticity of the mind which could thus, for a moment at least, shake itself quite free from the troubles of the present and the immediate future, and find a relief and a refuge in even the casual memories and anecdotes of much earlier days. We talked, as was natural, a good deal about Home Rule. He expressed a wish, such as he had often expressed before,

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to see some of us Home Rulers at Hawarden Castle, and to talk over political prospects in a friendly and confidential way. He referred again and again to Mr. Parnell, and spoke of him, as he ever had done, with kindness and with consideration. Mr. Parnell's, he said, had been a really great career; one of the greatest in modern times, considering the limited materials with which he had to work; and he expressed, as I had often heard him express it before, his deep regret that such a career should have come to so tragic a close. I remember well that he found fault with one course of action taken by the Irish members, still under Mr. Parnell's leadership, while we were opposing one of Mr. Gladstone's own coercion measures. The story is interesting in so far as it illustrates the singular fairness and candor of the great statesman. He found no fault whatever with us for opposing to the very uttermost his coercion policy. That he quite understood to be a part of our national duty. What he did complain of was that when an English Liberal member proposed an amendment making a certain division of the bill stronger and harsher than the Government intended to make it, and when the Government determined to oppose the amendment, we did not come and vote with them in opposition to it. The truth was that Mr. Parnell and a number of other Irish members, including myself, had been suspended, as the technical phrase went, from voting in the House for a certain limited time because of our renewed acts of obstruction, and as we could not vote, our colleagues naturally declined to take any part in the division. Mr. Gladstone talked with the most perfect good humor about the whole affair, and only dwelt upon it as the one sole incident in the long struggle about which he thought he had a fair right to grumble at the conduct of the Irish members. He expressed to me over and over again his absolute conviction that the cause of Home Rule for Ireland was destined to succeed, and before very long. No measure, he said, of really national importance which has passed by a safe majority through the House of Commons can ever be long retarded by the resistance of the House of Lords. In words which, though really conversational, were as impressive to me as human eloquence could make them, he bade me tell my colleagues that his heart was ever with the success of our cause, and that he prayed for that success and gave it his blessing. I have not been often so much moved as by those words. I took leave of Mr. Gladstone as if I had been leaving some being who belonged to a higher order of the world than the commonplace existence of every day. I passed out into St. James's Park feeling as though even the sunshine and the grass and the trees and the lake were commonplace things after such a farewell. I had one regret, and I cherish it still. I wish I had asked Mr. Gladstone to give me something from his desk or his table—a pen or a pencil or a book, or anything whatever, just as mark and memory of the occasion. I have many letters from him, and he has sent me several times some pamphlet which he had written or in which he felt a special interest. But I should like to have got something from him in memory of that last official interview. That meeting was, to use Carlyle's expression, not easily to be forgotten in this world.

Since then I have not seen Mr. Gladstone. The House of Commons is nothing like the place that it was when he was there. The Irish people feel that they have lost in him a friend and a guide whose place is never likely to be filled again in our time. I felt all that as I was taking leave of him on that memorable day. Since the time of Charles James Fox, Ireland never had had a distinct and an avowed friend among the men who make up administrations or lead oppositions in the English House of Commons until we came to the days of Mr. Gladstone. Nor had Fox himself obtained even a chance of making such a move on our behalf as was made and sustained by Mr. Gladstone. I do not ask all my readers to agree with my views about Home Rule, but I do ask them to take what I say as the sincere expression of Irish opinion with regard to the English statesman who risked everything, place, power, popularity, all that could make life dear to any ambitious man, for the sake of serving a country so poor and so lowly that it could offer for such services no reward whatever but the reward of gratitude. I was thinking of all this when I came out of the official residence in Downing Street and passed into St. James's Park, and I felt as if I had been looking on at the fall of a dynasty.

[To be concluded in the Magazine Number for December]

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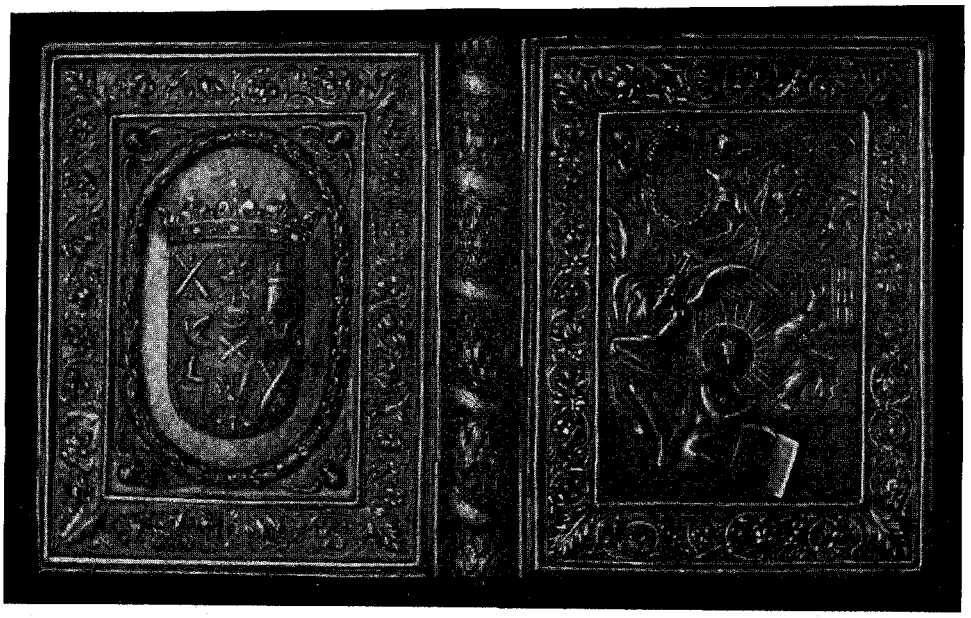

THE CODEX ARGENTEUS

Photographed for The Outlook by the author at the Library of the University of Upsala, August 8, 1897.

"The Most Valuable Book in the World"

By W. S. Harwood

IN a fireproof room in the library building of the University of Upsala, Sweden, an hour's ride from this city to the north, in a heavy oaken case with thick plate-glass cover by day and in a heavy-walled safe of steel by night, there is sacredly kept what a good many people believe to be the most precious book in the world. At eleven o'clock each day it is taken, oaken case and all, from the safe and placed before a huge marble pillar on a table, there to remain for the public eye until two in the afternoon. Not for an instant, no matter who you are or what your rank or standing, not for an instant may you be alone with this priceless volume—you cannot see it save in the presence of one of the professors or some authorized attendant of the University.

The book is the "Codex Argenteus," the translation of the four Gospels into ancient Gothic, made over fifteen hundred years ago by Bishop Ulphilas. His ancestors had lived somewhere in the region north of the Danube; they, or some of his more immediate ones, had been captured as slaves and taken to Rome, and here he had been educated in the Church. A missionary to the savage peoples of the north, where his ancestors had lived, he spent many years of his life among them, and at last, in the year 381, with infinite care and pains, translated into the language of the Goths, through the medium of this purple-leaved book in its oaken case, the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

The language itself has perished from the earth; the only link between it and the speech of to-day is this priceless volume, philologically, also, a book whose value may not be set in figures.

One rainy August morning not long ago I saw this book in its secure room. It is not a large volume; perhaps the leaves are not more than ten inches square. They are parchment, colored a deep purple, and the strange lettering is done in silver, dull with the tarnishing of the centuries. Three photographs of individual pages have been made of this Codex—one for the National Museum in Berlin, one for the British Museum in London, and one retained here. The plates in Berlin and London of the two pages and the plate kept here are the only ones ever made of this wonderful book, save two photographs which I made of the book, one of which appears at the head

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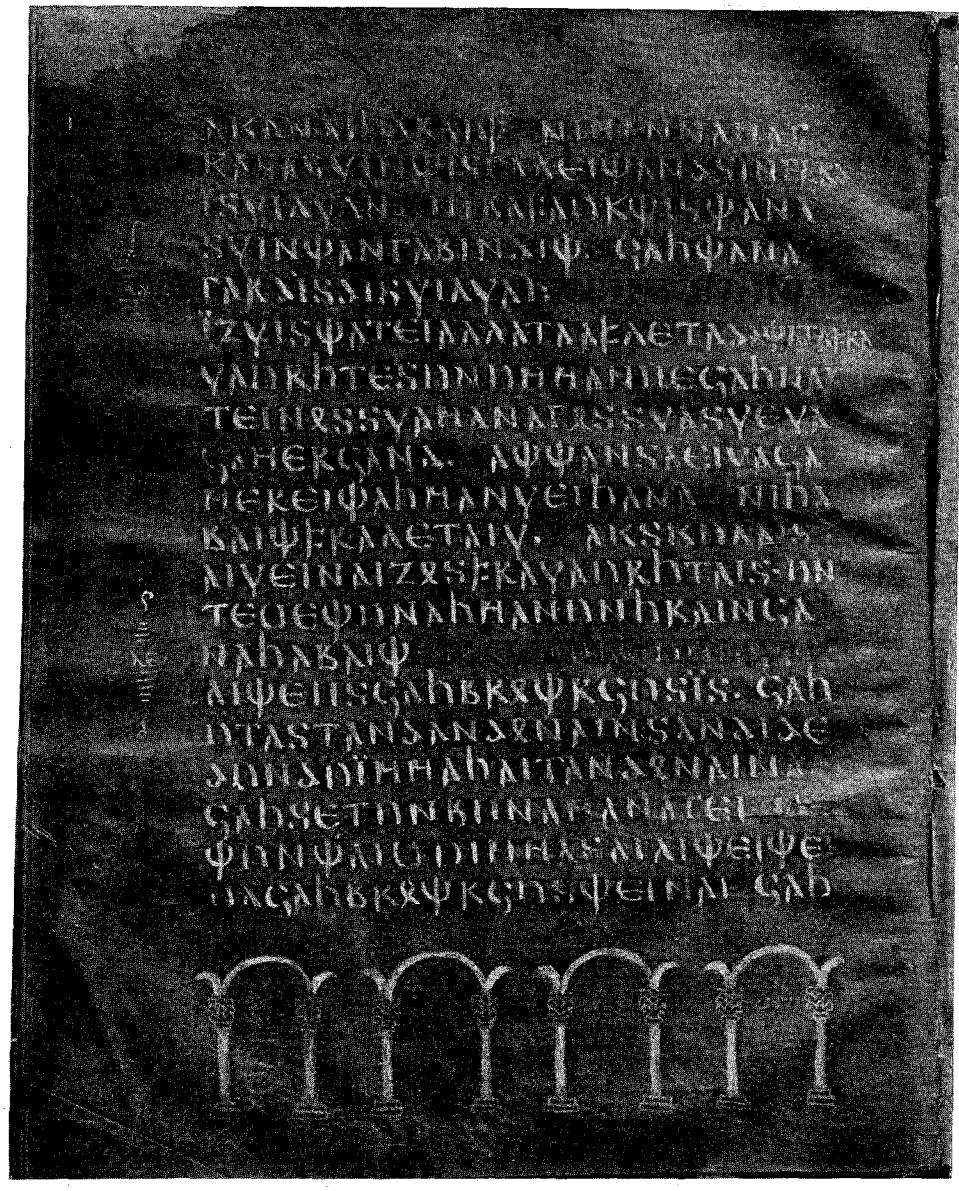

PAGE OF THE CODEX ARGENTEUS

Verses 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, chapter vii., Gospel of St. Mark.

of this article. When I proposed to Dr. Andersson, the professor in charge of the volume on the day I called, that I should make a photograph of the book, he hesitated a moment, saying that it had never been done in the world before. I told him why I wanted to make the photograph, and he consented that it be done, taking the Codex from its case with infinite tenderness lest any of its leaves should be the least particle dislodged from the binding, frail with great age. He held the volume with his hand while I photographed the front. The room was rather dark for photography, and the deep purple of the leaves rendered it especially difficult to secure a fine photograph. The cover is in silver of a beautiful pattern, though a thousand years or more younger than the book itself. The ancient binding passed away centuries ago. The early history of the book I do not know, and perhaps it has no well-authenticated history giving the details of its wanderings. It was captured, however, as a spoil of war at Prague in the year 1648,

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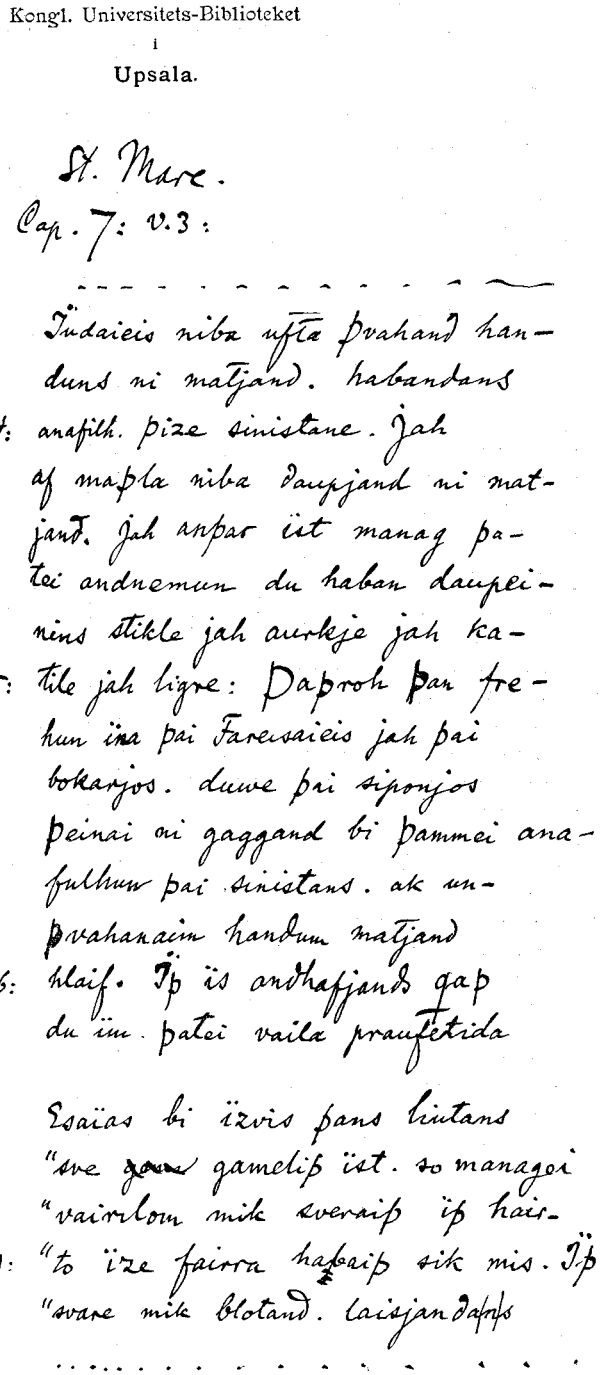
during the Thirty Years' War, and came at last into the custody of the University of Upsala, having been sold at one point in the transactions, it is said, for 400 crowns. Its value in money now could not be estimated, because no money value is set upon it.

There are less than two hundred leaves—one hundred and eighty-seven, I believe. The whole has been translated into the modern tongue. While this manuscript volume is not valuable from the standpoint of interpretation and verification, as are some of the manuscripts of the Scriptures, like those preserved in Rome and St. Petersburg and London, which are invaluable because of their direct Biblical authority, so to call it, yet this Codex is, taken as a whole, a volume of immense importance, Dr. Andersson saying, as we were speaking of precious manuscripts in general: "I suppose this to be the most valuable book in the world."

One does not wonder that he handled it with such care and tenderness when considering the importance which he attaches to it. Many of the pages are indistinct with age, and yet, as noted, all have been clearly deciphered. The page which has been photographed shows the lettering even plainer than it appears in the manuscript itself. The photographer who made the negative of the open page told me that he exposed the negative twenty minutes.

I asked Dr. Andersson for the book and chapter of this page, and he began at once to decipher it; but it is an immensely difficult thing to do, so many of the words being indistinct and there being none of the separation of the words by spaces as we have them in our Bible now. He had not time to decide the location of the page, and insisted that he must do it for me if he could find the time later; but he had already done much for me in allowing me to make the photographs of the volume. He sent me, however, a week later, the translation from the third to the seventh verses, inclusive, of St. Mark.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i
Upsala.
St. Marc.
Cap. 7: v. 3:
Judaieis niba ustē þvahand hand-
duns ni matjand. habandans
v. 4: anafilh. þize sinistane. jah
af maþla niba daupjand ni mat-
jand. jah anþar ïst manag þa-
tei andnemun du haban daupei-
nins stikle jah aurkeje jah ka-
v. 5: tile jah ligre: Daþroh þan fre-
hun ina þai Fareisaieis jah þai
bokarjos. duwe þai siponjos
þeinai ni gaggand bi þammei ana-
fulhun þai sinistans. ak un-
þvahanaim handum matjand
v. 6: hlaif. Ïþ is andhaffjands qaþ
du im. þatei vaila praufetida
Esaïas bi ïzvis þans liutans
"sve gaw gameliþ ïst. so managei
"vairrlom mik sveraiþ ïþ hair-
v. 7: "to ïze fairra habaiþ sik mis. Ïþ
"svare mik blotand. laisjandaþs

DR. ANDERSSON'S TRANSLITERATION INTO SWEDISH OF THE PAGE PRINTED OPPOSITE

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It seems very strange, in the midst of this present-day activity and life, when people, at least on our side of the sea, live so intensely in the present—very strange to think that this silver-bound, purple-paged manuscript was written when the Christ had not been dead four centuries. And it gives one a new conception of the intense vitality of the words of Christ to think that during many of these fifteen centuries since the hand of Ulphilas traced these queer Gothic characters this book has been lying in obscurity, while the words of the Christ have been marvelously advancing in the light. The priceless Biblical manuscripts of the great libraries are read by but a few, studied by still a lesser number, and even seen by but a comparatively small number of the world's inhabitants; but the truths of these manuscripts are more and more widely entering and illumining the life of the world.

Upsala is an interesting old town, one of the oldest in Sweden. The cathedral is a fine structure beautiful in its architecture and rich in historical memories. A ten-minute ride by rail takes one to Gamla Upsala, or Old Upsala, an ancient place now but small in size, the interest in it being mainly in the fine old church, built about the year 1100, at the time when the Church of Rome was gaining the powerful hold it maintained upon Scandinavian lands until the Reformation. Three of the ancient gods of the same people—or at least not much later ones—to whom Ulphilas carried the Gospel are represented at Old Upsala in three huge mounds. One is to Odin, one to Thor, one to Frej. Here the pagan kings met in council with their followers, at these great mounds of the gods; and as late as the time of Gustavus I. a parliament regularly met upon this sacred pagan ground. About fifty years ago, and again in 1874, excavations were made into the interior of these mounds. Many charred bones, trinkets of various types, bits of gold, enameled pieces, and here and there an ivory ornament, were among the things found in the interiors by indefatigable archæologists.

On the top of one of these mounds the other afternoon I sat down to a quiet rest, after some tramping in the fields to get a better opportunity to photograph these burial homes of the mythological gods of Scandinavia. No more peaceful sight ever spread before one's eyes. Away to the north, to the south, to the east and the west, stretch the level Uppland plains, green fields and yellowing barley and ricks of golden rye, with here and there a tiny church tower and the low red houses of the peasants. Far and near the men and women are at work in the fields, cutting the meadow hay with scythes, or raking it, or hauling with slow-moving trains the product of the summer's toil to the squat, rude barns—a people slow in thought, slower in progress, but well grounded in honesty and probity—a hardy, sometimes stolid, ever reliable people. Dainty blue flowers are abloom on the crest of the hills of the gods, and the only sound is that of the distant tinkle of a bell where the herds are gathering for the night; there is no show of mailed men and savage battle-axes and rows of shining spears, no sound of rude speech, no call to battle, no challenge to the test of strength in the ferocious drinking-bout. The sun is slow sinking in the west; and far to the south, sharply defined against the rare blue of the Swedish sky, rise the great dark towers of the cathedral of Upsala standing their sentinel watch of the centuries over the silver-bound, purple-paged, priceless book in its oaken case in the steel-clad safe of the ancient home of Scandinavian learning.

Stockholm.

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Righteously[1]

By Lyman Abbott

For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.—Titus ii., 11, 12, 13.

RIGHTEOUSNESS is conformity to a right standard. If we are to live righteously, we must know what is a right standard of life. What, then, do the life and teachings of Jesus Christ teach us concerning the right standard of living with our fellow-men? Perhaps we shall arrive at this better if we consider some other standards than those of Jesus Christ; and I will take first, because it is so common, a pagan standard. Says Carlyle, in his report of what he has called the "Pig Philosophy:"

> Justice—what is justice? Your own share of the general swine's trough, not any portion of my share. But what is my share? Ah! there, in fact, lies the general difficulty; upon which Pig science, meditating this long while, can settle absolutely nothing; my share—humph!—my share is, on the whole, whatever I can contrive to get without being hanged or sent to the hulks.

Though Carlyle puts it with Carlylean expression, that is a very common standard. "I am in the world for what I can get out of it. I will get all I can out of it, so long as I do not suffer consequences by reason of the method I employ." There are hulks and hulks, and one may be as much afraid of being gibbeted in public esteem as of being hung on a wooden gallows; as much afraid of being sent to Coventry as of being sent to Botany Bay; but, paying due respect to law—laws of the land, laws of society, laws of public esteem—he will get what he can. At a great reception men crowd and scramble for the food as though they never had anything to eat before and never were going to get anything to eat again. There are certain regulations and restraints within which the scrambling is conducted; but the man who has the broadest shoulders and the strongest muscles is the best man in this scramble, and goes away with his prize. That is the way of life in no small measure. Men are scrambling for the prize, and each man says, I will get what I can out of life. He is restrained by fear of certain consequences—social, political, legal consequences—but within those restraints anything is right.

Apply that standard to politics. Then to the victors belong the spoils. So many thousand offices set up; we will scramble for them, and whoever is the shrewdest scrambler, or the strongest one, and can succeed, by playing to prejudice and passion, is to have the offices. Apply it to business. Then every man in business is aiming simply to get a fortune—the greater the fortune the greater the success. Apply it to marriage. Then the woman marries to get a housekeeper's position—food, clothing, shelter; and the man marries to get a housekeeper whom he will only have to keep. Unheard of! Oh, no, not unheard of. Only this last week I saw in the newspaper the story of one man who carried out this philosophy logically; his wife had become an invalid, no longer able to keep house for him, and so he turned her out of doors.

A very much higher standard than this is the law, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, and the rule, Do unto others as you would have others do unto you; and that law and that rule even as interpreted in the life of men. "I go into life to get, not all I can get, but to get my share. There is something due to me, and that I am going to get. I will render service for it, certainly, but I am not going to render service for nothing; I am going to be paid for what I do, and I am going to be paid a fair equivalent for what I do." Apply this to business. Then, if the wages are fifteen dollars a week, the wage-earner will do as much work as he thinks fairly compensates for fifteen dollars a week, and no more. The employer will pay fifteen dollars a week, because it is the market price, but will pay no more, no matter what his profits on the one hand, or the wage-earner's necessities on the other. Apply this to politics. Then we have men saying, I cannot afford to take office; it does not pay. It does not pay in money—I can earn more; it does not pay in reputation—I only get mud thrown at me for it; it does not pay in pleasure or comfort—I cannot afford to take office. Apply it in the professions. Then you have the lawyer or the doctor measuring his ser-

[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., October 10, 1897, at the morning service. Reported by Henry Winans and revised by the author. For the first of this series of sermons see The Outlook for October 30.

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vice, not by the need, but by the fee. If a poor man gives five dollars, he will get five dollars of service; and if a rich man gives fifty dollars or five hundred dollars, he will get fifty or five hundred dollars of service. Apply it in the home, and marriage is a commercial contract. I will do certain things for my husband and my home, and I expect certain things from my husband and my home, and the woman is very foolish who allows herself to be cheated. I will do my duty to my wife, I will give her clothes, a house, liberal pin-money, and what more can she ask? That is a very common standard of righteousness; the one merges into the other —the first into the second; and they both have the same tap-root. I am in the world to see what I can get out of it.

Now turn from these world-standards of righteousness to the teachings and the life of Jesus Christ.

First, his teachings.

He counts that man foolish whose success in life has been merely great accumulation. The only man Christ called a fool was that man whose only notion of life was how to accumulate, on whose head the idea had never dawned that men are in the world, not to accumulate, but to serve, and that a man's value is measured, not by the amount he possesses, but by the use he makes of what he possesses. Christ compared men to stewards. He said they hold their property in trust, and they are to be measured, not by the amount of property they possess, but by the kind of use they make of what they do possess. In the one picture he painted of the great judgment the sole test of the Judge is service. They, on the one hand, are to depart into the fire prepared for the devil and his angels, because they had an opportunity to serve the poor and wretched and ignorant and imprisoned and suffering, and they did not do it; and they, on the other hand, are to be received into the mansions of the blest, because they had an opportunity to render service to the poor and the ignorant and the despised and the outcast and the oppressed and the suffering, and they did render such service. He said, Would you be great? Do not think to be great as the heathen are; he that would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all. And the greatness consisted, too, not in the greatness of the service rendered, but in the greatness of the spirit which renders. He came in with his twelve disciples one day, their feet soiled with the hot and dusty walk. It was the business of the servant to prepare the water to bathe their feet. It did not occur to one of these disciples to perform this menial service for another disciple, or even for the Lord. Instead, they wrangled with one another as to which should have the first place at the table. When they had settled how they would adjust their social rank and had taken their seats, he arose and took off his upper garments and went from one to another, washing their feet, and saying to them, As I have washed your feet, so you also ought to wash one another's feet. It is for service you are in life.

That was his teaching, and that was also his life. He did not come into life to see what he could get out of it. Certainly not that. He did not join in the competitive scramble for office or honor. Even to suggest it is like blaspheming his name. Neither did he demand justice. He never asked for a recompense for the service he rendered. He came into life for one single purpose—to see how much service he could render humanity, and take what humanity had to give him in return. When the women wove for him a garment without seam, he accepted it. When men invited him to their homes and offered him a place at their table, he went. When they gathered about him with their acclaim, he did not refuse their applause. And when they turned away from him, when they spit upon him, hounded him, vilified and abused and crucified him, he did not complain. He did not come for money, nor for fame, nor for applause, nor even for love: he came to give, not to get; not to get anything; not to get even praise and thanksgiving; not to get even the goodness of John or the loyalty of Paul; he came to see what he could do for others. And almost his last word to his disciples was, A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you—and that was love without reward. Judaism kept an evil balance; it was justice. Christianity is, No matter about balance; pour all you can into the one scale and let the other take care of itself.

Apply this to marriage. We do apply it there, and therefore it is that home and marriage are the nearest approximations we have to heaven. What true wife marries that she may get a home, or even a fair recompense for the service she is to render, or thinks of it? What true man marries that he may get a housekeeper or an upper servant, or that he may get a fair recompense in

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the service of his wife for the money she will cost, or thinks of it? aye, or what woman would marry the man if she could see that thought lurking in his heart? No! He marries because he loves her and longs to serve her. She marries because she loves him and longs to serve him. Apply this in business. What does Christ's standard of righteousness mean? This: That you have gone into business to see what service you can render the community, not what money you can make out of the community. Christ said, Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and thieves break through and steal; and many an infidel has made merry over that counsel and over the inconsistency of Christian men who do not live up to it. It is not practicable, it is said. Why, my humorous friend, there is nothing else that is practicable. When Christ lived, there were only two things a man could do with his surplus money; he could put it into clothes and hang them in his closet, or he could put it into a chest and bury it in the ground. There were no banks, no insurance companies, no railroads, no trust companies, no corporations, no great instrumentalities by which wealth accumulated could be set to serve. Wealth has taken wings since; not wings that make it fly away, but wings that make it like a carrier-pigeon, carrying its message of benevolence everywhere. To-day the man who puts his money into clothes and food and fine houses, or who ties his money up in a stocking and puts it away in an old trunk; who, in brief, puts his money where moth and rust doth corrupt, or where thieves break through and steal, we all call fool. He puts it into stocks, into railroads, into corporations, into savings-banks, into trust companies; he puts it at work where it serves the community. The only thing for a man with wealth to do, if he wants to get interest, is to serve other men by it. But this he should do from Christian principle, not merely from economic policy.

I would like to say a word or two to the young men who are here this morning, who have come to New York inspired by an ambition to succeed. I say this, it is true, from a pulpit, but I also say it as a man who has taken some observation of business life, and there are business men here whom I could call up and who would say, You are right. Young man, go into your office or your store with the principle, I am not going to give anything more than I can get; if I have ten dollars of wages, I will give ten dollars of work; if I get fifteen dollars of wages, I will give fifteen dollars of work; and when I have given a fair return for the wages received, I will stop—and you will fail. Go into your business, and say, I am going to see how much I can do to make this business prosperous; this bank is my bank, this mercantile house is my mercantile house; this man that I am working for for ten dollars a week is my partner; I am going to see how much wealth I can put into this concern, and I will take what comes—and you will succeed.

Apply Christ's principle to politics. What does it mean? It means crossing off that horrible question, Will it pay? It means recognizing that you and I owe duties to our State and our city. It means public spirit. And the hopeful sign of this present municipal campaign lies in this—that, while there are men scrambling for office, men who consider righteousness to be their share of the pig's trough, and their share to be anything they can get without being sent to the hulks, and who are even willing to take a chance of the hulks, apparently—there also are men who are willing to sail out from the harbor into a stormy sea, men who are willing, having duties of their private business through the day, to take up the burdensome duties of the city at night, men who are willing to sacrifice a higher and an easier and a pleasanter place for a more arduous and a more burdensome one, in order that they may serve their country and their community.

What is it to follow Christ? "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." That is Christ's own definition of his mission. To follow Christ is to have laid on you the Spirit of love, and then go out in the ward, the city, the country where you are living, in the age in which you are living, in order to preach glad tidings to some poor, to give sight to some blind, to give deliverance to some in captivity, to reach down a helping hand to some one below you and lift him up and put him on his feet again. The glory of Christ was the glory of service, and the glory of God is the glory of love—the glory of One who lives that he may serve

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those who do not deserve his service. The glory of heaven will not be the glory of a Klondike mine, with everybody scrambling to get the largest amount of the gold; it will be the glory of which you have heard this morning—the glory of a highway through the wilderness made to bloom and blossom as the rose. And when that glory dawns, with what feeling shall you look upon it? Shall you have to say, This was all the work of others, or shall you look upon it, and, as you look, say, Some flowers I planted, some water I brought, some stones I laid; I helped to build the highway, I helped to make the garden, I helped to make the wilderness bloom and blossom? Is life worth living? There is only one life that is worth living—it is the life of the man who so lives that when he dies the world is richer, wiser, better, and happier because he has lived in it.

Some Seventeenth Century Liberals

I.—John Hales, 1584–1656

By Edward A. George

THE men who make names for themselves are generally men of extremes. Souls which are on fire brand history with their mark. The man of one idea attracts attention. For this reason there is danger of misinterpreting a period if we judge it by its best-known characters. Too often in watching meteors we ignore the fixed stars.

Christian history suffers especially in this regard. Heretics and ultra-conservatives are familiar figures, while too often the Christian of well-balanced views and sweet reasonableness has sunk into oblivion. His very moderation has buried him. The bigoted and intolerant make a stir in the world. The liberal and tolerant, whose strength is in quietness and confidence, attract little attention.

The seventeenth century is commonly regarded as bigoted and narrow. As we think of it, our attention is monopolized by its glittering lights. The seventeenth century is associated with the extreme Anglican and the extreme Puritan, with Archbishop Laud on the one side, and Pym, Cromwell, and the Pilgrims on the other. To see only these extremes is to wrong the seventeenth century, and to overestimate the nineteenth in comparison with it. There is nothing new under the sun. Liberal, sweet-tempered Christianity did not begin with our day. The seventeenth century had its liberals as well as its dogmatists, gentle spirits whose quiet influence in subtle ways has flowed into the present. Liberalism as well as bigotry has a pedigree.

In the time of James I. and Laud and Cromwell and the Westminster Divines, when ceremonialism was active on the one side and dogmatism on the other, when Calvinist and Arminian were having their bitter controversies and the air was charged with maledictions, there were even then well-poised Christians who held a middle course, being repelled from all extremes alike. Notable among these stands "ever-memorable John Hales, of Eton." Hales was born less than forty years after Luther's death, and lived till 1656. He attended the famous Synod of Dort in 1618, and made reports of its proceedings for the English Ambassador at the Hague. He held a Greek professorship at Oxford, and afterward a canonry at Windsor. He was a preacher of influence, although he was too far in advance of his times to be truly appreciated. Like Erasmus, he was satisfied to kindle the light, trusting that the darkness would disperse of itself. He read much, he wrote little. Were it not that his letters passed into the control of others, and that some of his sermons were actually snatched from his hand by interested friends as he descended from the pulpit, we should have few traces of him. Fortunately, these letters and sermons were treasured, and after his death published under the title of "The Golden Remains of the Ever-Memorable John Hales." One who reads this book can forgive the seventeenth century much, for Hales's charity is large enough to cover a multitude of sins in his contemporaries. Christians who are out of sympathy with the past as uncongenial in its dogmatism, who find neither the Thirty-nine Articles nor the Westminster Confession altogether satisfying, may recognize in Hales a kindred spirit, extending the hand to present-day toleration

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and freedom of thought, a welcome, prophetic figure.

Nothing, perhaps, commends Hales to us more than his gentleness—no small virtue at any period, but in his case deserving special appreciation on account of the asperity which embittered his times. His friend Bishop Pearson, after alluding to his intellectual attainments, speaks of his gentleness thus quaintly and sweetly: "Had he never understood a letter, he had other ornaments sufficient to endear him. For he was of a nature so kind, so sweet, so courting all mankind, of an affability so prompt, so ready to receive all conditions of men, that I conceive it near as easy a task for any one to become so knowing as so obliging." Hales advocates gentleness of reproof in golden words: "The wisdom and gentleness of a Christian is never better seen than in reproving. The young and tender branches of a vine are not to be pruned with a knife, but gently pulled away by hand." It is in this connection that he introduces the striking figure of the knife and the sponge: "As a skillful physician of whom we read, finding the sick person to be afraid of lancing, privily wrapped up his knife in a sponge, with which, whilst he gently smoothed the place, he lanced it; so, Beloved, when we encounter our offending brother, we must wrap our knife in our sponge, and lance him whilst we smooth him, and with all sweetness and gentleness of behavior cure him, as Isaiah cured Hezekiah by laying upon him a plaster of figs." To Hales's mind gentleness is due even to souls in torment, and he dwells upon Abraham's manner of addressing Dives ("Son, remember"), "Son! a word of mercy and sweetness, used to teach us that in all cases, how desperate soever, unto all persons though never so forlorn, unto the greatest delinquent, how sinful soever, yet still we must open some window, at least some small crevice, to let our goodness shine through." In similar vein he notices that the master of the feast, in rebuking the guest without the wedding garment, addresses him as "Friend." Christ's kingdom is maintained "not by the sword, but by the Spirit; not by violence, but by love; not by striving, but by yielding; not by fighting, but by dying." How far such a spirit as this rises above the partisan and controversial atmosphere of the times, in which Protestant and Romanist, Anglican and Puritan, Calvinist and Arminian, were vilifying each other! It is sweet incense rising in the midst of battle smoke. Witnessing Hales's serenity in the midst of such troublous times, we feel the greatness of the man, and the Psalmist's words come to the mind, "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

Hales was a true Protestant, not hesitating to assume the personal responsibility incurred by abandoning the Church's infallibility. He saw clearly that Protestantism must be self-reliant, that every man must use his own reason, "working out his own salvation with fear and trembling." These are his brave words on personal infallibility: "We see many times a kind of ridiculous forgetfulness of many men, seeking for that which they have in their hands; so fares it with men who seek for infallibility in others, which either is or ought to be in themselves. . . . For, Beloved, infallibility is not a favor impropriated to any one man; it is a duty alike expected at the hands of all, all must have it. . . . There is no other means not to be deceived, but to know things yourselves. . . . Wherefore hath God given me the light of reason and conscience, if I must suffer myself to be led and governed by the reason and conscience of another man?" The Christian must cease to lean upon others, and must be content to rely upon God and his own reason. Antiquity is not reliable, and of it Hales speaks with delicious incisiveness: "Those things which we reverence for antiquity, what were they at their first birth? Were they false? Time cannot make them true. Were they true? Time cannot make them more true." Universality is as unreliable as antiquity, for universality is only an appeal to the multitude, and the multitude is usually in error. Such is Hales's brave Protestantism: "Neither to adore all things for Gospel which our betters tell us, but to bring all things to the true test; to know the reasons, try the authorities, and never rest ourselves till we can take up that conclusion of the Psalmist, As we have heard, so have we *seen* in the city of our God."

The perfect balance of Hales's mind and taste prevented him from finding rest in any of the extremes of his day. A true Protestant, he was at home neither among the rampant Puritans nor the pompous Anglicans. He was in favor of the simplest form of church service, and opposed to all that pomp which, under the plea of "decency and order," Archbishop Laud and his followers were bent on introducing. Worship must not be identified with ceremonies, as Hales illustrates in the following characteristic way: "Our books

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tell us of a poor Spartan, that, traveling in another country, and seeing the beams and posts of houses squared and carved, asked if the trees grew so in those countries. Beloved, many men that have been long acquainted with a form of worship squared and carved, tricked and set out with show and ceremony, fall upon this Spartan's conceit, think the trees grow so, and think that there is no natural shape and face of God's service but that."

Most trenchantly does Hales decry the Anglican tendency to exaggerate the visible notes of the church. Vigorous, caustic, and beautiful is his contention for the invisibility of the church:

> It is but Popish madness to send men up and down the world to find the church. . . . The Lord only knoweth who are his. . . . When Saul went out to seek his father's asses, he found a kingdom; let us take heed lest the contrary befall us, lest while we seek our Father's kingdom thus, we find but asses. . . . The church hath no other note but to be. . . . The church is not a thing to be pointed out. The Devil could show our Saviour Christ all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them; I hope the church was none of these. It is the glory of it not to be seen, and the note of it to be invisible. . . . Will you know where to find the kingdom of Christ? Our Saviour directs you in the Gospel. The kingdom of heaven, saith he, cometh not by observation, neither shall ye say, Lo here, or Lo there, for the kingdom of heaven is within you. Let every man therefore retire into himself, and see if he can find this kingdom in his heart; for if he find it not there, in vain shall he find it in all the world besides.

Vigorous as is this protest against Anglican ritualism and ecclesiasticism, Hales found little comfort among the Puritans. At one with them in asserting the invisibility and spirituality of Christ's kingdom, he is repelled by Puritan narrowness and intolerance no less than by Anglican ceremonialism. Hales's toleration stands out glorified over against the intolerance of his times. He deplores that "exceeding affection and love unto our own conceits, through which we cannot with patience either admit of other men's opinions or endure that our own should be withstood." "Scarcely can there be found a thing more harmful to religion than to vent thus our own conceits and obtrude them upon the world for necessary and absolute." Between the Calvinism and Arminianism of the times Hales occupies a mediating position. In the matter of predestination he feels that both parties teach important truths, and in contemplating the sin of Adam he cannot forget the righteousness of Christ.

In his treatment of heresy Hales was beyond our times as well as his own. With native wit he calls heresy and schism "two theological scarecrows, with which they who use to uphold a party in religion, use to fright away such as making inquiry into it are ready to relinquish and oppose it, if it appear either erroneous or suspicious; for as Plutarch reports of a painter, who, having unskillfully painted a cock, chased away all cocks and hens, that so the imperfection of his art might not appear by comparison with nature; so men, willing for ends to admit of no fancy but their own, endeavor to hinder an inquiry into it by way of comparison of somewhat with it, peradventure truer, that so the deformity of their own might not appear." By the Ancients he thinks that more are affrighted than hurt. Heresy is an act of the will, not of the reason; not so much a wrong position as a wrong disposition. "I do not see that variety of opinions and unity of those who hold them are incompatible, or that men of different opinions in the Christian religion may not hold communion in holy things, and both go to one church." Where schism becomes necessary, not he that separates but he that causes the separation is the schismatic. Not yet has the Church risen to Hales's grand position that Christian unity consists in unity of spirit rather than in unity of opinion. It is an inspiration to find words like these in sermons nearly three hundred years old: "It is not the variety of opinions, but our own perverse wills, who think it meet that all should be conceited as ourselves are, which hath so inconvenienced the church; were we not ready to anathematize each other where we concur not in opinion, we might in hearts be united though in tongues we were divided, and that with singular profit to all sides. It is the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, and not identity of conceit, which the Holy Ghost requires at the hands of Christians. Since it is impossible where Scripture is ambiguous that all conceits should run alike, it remains that we should seek out a way not so much to establish an unity of opinion in the minds of all, which I take to be a thing likewise impossible, as to provide that multiplicity of conceit trouble not the church's peace." In lines like these John Hales, being dead, yet speaketh.

It is the sanity of men like John Hales that enables us to connect ourselves with the past sympathetically and binds the centuries together with a chain of gold.

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For the Little People

A Tidy Housekeeper

By Tudor Jenks

Friday is our sweeping-day;
Mother flies around
Till no tiny speck of dust
Can anywhere be found.

Course I have to help her
When she works so hard;
But she says I help her best
If I sweep the yard.

Just before the big barn door
There's a great broad stone;
With my mother's second broom
I sweep that—alone.

Papa laughs to see me sweep,
Till I have to say,

"Cleaning house is *women's* work;
Don't get in my way!"

The Adopted Chicken

By Alix Thorn

The white hen stepped proudly off her nest one cool June morning, and after her scampered eleven white puffs of chickens, and—how strange!—one little black chick. But what was the matter with the white hen? She wouldn't own her little dark chicken, and tried to peck it with her strong beak whenever it came near her. "Peep, peep, peep, peep!" Grandma Jones in the sitting-room heard the sad little sound, and went out to see what the matter was. She picked up the lonely little chicken, and carried it in her warm hands to the kitchen.

"What shall we do with this black chick?" she said. "The hen won't take care of it, and I'm afraid that I can't spend time; it's only a few hours old—just a dot."

"Let me have it for my very own, Grandma Jones," cried eight-year-old Dolly, eagerly; "I'll take such good care of it!" and she cuddled up the downy little bunch in her neck in the most motherly way. Dolly did not rest until Bridget had boiled an egg hard and firm and crumbled up the yolk to feed her new pet; then she put it to sleep in a wool-lined basket behind the stove.

Next day Grandma Jones and Dolly carried it out-of-doors. Grandma fastened a loop of soft pack-thread to one little leg, and tied the other end to a tall plantain-leaf, which curved over "just like a green umbrella," Dolly said. Thus began the life of the black chicken; its days were spent in the yard, its nights in the kitchen. Dolly named it Bill, after the lizard in "Alice in Wonderland," and it soon learned

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to know its young mistress, and a certain pink gingham dress that she loved to wear. As the chicken grew larger it was no longer tied to the plantain-leaf, but it now followed Dolly around the yard, and even into the farm-house. Bill seemed to fear the other chickens, and never once went near his brothers and sisters. One day Aunt Mittie Tyler, who lived four miles away at the village, sent for Dolly to visit her, and Bill went peeping around in the most forlorn way upstairs to Dolly's room, then through the wide hall and down again, always making that sad little call. He could not find what he wanted. Bridget had just finished ironing the little girl's pink dress, and hung it over the chair to air, when in tripped the black chicken. His bright eyes quickly spied the well-known dress, and, with a glad little chirp, up he hopped upon the chair, and, tucking his head under his wing, settled down for a nap, contented as possible. He felt sure Dolly had come home again.

One warm July day Dolly took Belinda, the large rag doll, out into the sunny orchard, where a flat rock made a delightful playhouse. She had just prepared a grand supper of cookies and peppermint-drops, and was busily eating for both Belinda and herself, when from the barnyard came a shrill, sharp cry of warning that every country girl knows. "A hawk! a hawk!" cried Dolly. "Where, oh where is the black chicken!" Dropping the doll hastily, she sprang to her feet. "Don't be frightened, Belinda, dear," she whispered; "it won't fly off with you." Frightened and cackling from every side rushed the chickens trying to find shelter. They knew their enemy was near; into the hen-house bustled the white hen and her family; the bantams ran under the porch; but what had become of Bill? A dark shadow hovered over the yard; cruel eyes watched the lilac-bushes, and Dolly saw a little figure crowding under the low-hanging branches—who but Bill, deserted and alone? Nearer and nearer flew the robber, and he was just poising himself to swoop down and secure his prey when Dolly rushed forward and seized Bill in her loving arms. Spreading his broad gray wings, the great hawk sailed away to find another farmyard. It was a narrow escape.

Careful feeding made the black chicken fine and strong; his feathers shone; he held his little head proudly. "He is larger than the rest of the brood," said Grandma Jones; "you see, the old white hen has to scratch for so many that they don't grow so fast as your pet."

"Why, grandma," cried Dolly, "Bill's 'most twice as large;" and, picking up the chicken, she ran over to where the white hen and her family were mustered under the currant-bushes. The little girl's cheeks were very pink, and her brown eyes shone with excitement. "See," she said, "see your child; aren't you sorry you treated it so? Grandma Jones says she never saw a finer chicken! P'r'aps some day it'll get to be a big rooster."

The white hen slowly lifted up one foot and looked at Bill wisely. It gave a worried cluck. "Do you think you can get it back now?" cried Dolly, indignantly. "I'll show you." Down on the grass she put the black chicken, and walked quickly toward the house. Turning his back straightway on his family, away raced Bill after his adopted mother; and Dolly told Grandma Jones later that she just believed that there were tears in the white hen's eyes.

Two Friends

In the Zoölogical Gardens in San Francisco is a big lion named Paul. There wandered one day into these gardens a little kitten. So far as this little kitten knew, there was nothing in this great big world but friendly, lovable people. The kitten went about all day in the gardens, being fed by the children, and when night came she found herself in with the animals in the Zoo. She felt quite at home, for some of them were her relations—very much larger and somewhat different in shape, but still they were cousins and second cousins. In one of the cages is a big lion who is very old. The kitten, just like all lovable things, felt very sorry for the big lion, who found it difficult to stand up, and whose head was gray; so Kitty made up her mind she would be his friend; and wasn't it beautiful? Old Paul was just as anxious to be Kitty's friend. When Kitty got into the cage Paul got up and met her, and put his head down close to her, so that it was almost like a kiss. When Paul lay down again, poor tired little Kitty crawled right on his neck, and there the keeper found her in the morning. After this Paul and Kitty were the closest friends, and Kitty for several weeks slept right in the curve of the lion's neck, and in daytime crawled all over him.

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Books and Authors

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending October 22. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

ESSAYS

Professor George Harris, of the Andover Theological Seminary, has published, through Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., an extremely interesting volume of essays entitled *Inequality and Progress*. Dr. Harris's task in this book is to show that inequality is not the chief obstacle to welfare and advancement. He declares that before social and political theories are constructed, primal truths concerning the differentiation of men should be recognized. The author's method is empirical, not philosophical. In the inequality of variety Dr. Harris sees the harmonious and mutually helpful unity of men.

Professor Harry Thurston Peck, the head of the Latin Department of Columbia University, one of the editors of "The Bookman," and the editor of the "Revised Dictionary of Classical Antiquities" which recently came from the press of Harper & Brothers, is a young scholar who has put an astonishing amount of work behind him; his brilliancy and versatility have been manifested in many ways. His first volume of essays, *The Personal Equation* (Harper & Brothers), contains twelve papers ranging in theme from the literary work of Mr. Howells to the public career of President Cleveland, with comment on such up-to-date writers as George Moore and Nordau, and on political oratory and American education. The essays throughout show great shrewdness, keenness, and intellectual vivacity. They are the work of a man who delights in the exercise of the mind, and whose mind has been trained to take its exercise in the most intelligent fashion. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The selection of essays contributed to the "Easy Chair" by George William Curtis, which Messrs. Harper & Brothers have issued in a slender volume under the title *Ars Recte Vivendi*, ought to be put as a text-book into the hands of every college student. Mr. Curtis was not only one of the most gifted and useful men of his time, but also one of its finest gentlemen—a man of the highest elevation and the most exquisite manners, without a touch of the prig. In this volume he has things to say on manners and men which appeal perhaps more strongly to young men, and especially to college men, than to any other class; and these comments are so wholesome, so sane, and so enlightening that one cannot but wish that they could come under the eye of every young American. What Mr. Curtis has to say, for instance, about extravagance at college, about brains and brawn, about hazing, about the soul of the gentleman, about tobacco and manners, has a convincing charm which no right-minded young man could successfully resist. It is unnecessary to add that the essays also have that literary charm which makes them delightful reading for men of every age.

We reserve for later notice the inspiring interpretation of the spiritual significance found in every-day life which President William DeWitt Hyde, of Bowdoin, has published under the title of *Practical Idealism*. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

NOVELS AND TALES

Mr. William Morris was as successful as any modern man can hope to be in the two or three imaginative stories written in archaic style which he published before his death. *The Water of the Wondrous Isles* appears posthumously, and is likely, we suppose, to be the last work from his versatile and accomplished pen. Like its predecessors, it is purely a story of imagination, with a constant introduction of the mystery and the charm of primitive life upon it. It shows, however, some sense of weariness. The work which Mr. Morris attempted in these stories was very difficult, and that at the end the archaism began to be mechanical and the invention a little forced was not surprising; but Mr. Morris could touch nothing to which he did not convey a certain charm, and that charm still abides in this last prose work from his hand. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

Mr. Brander Matthews has persistently held his hand steadily to dealing with such themes, motives, and situations as were presented to him in this city. He has not sought for his material at a distance, but has found it close at hand; and his dealing with it, although uneven in freshness and excellence of execution,

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has often displayed a keen perception of dramatic values and distinct skill in construction. His latest volume of short stories, *Outlines in Local Color*, is very happily described by its title. The stories are largely in outline; that is to say, they are studies of interesting and typical phases of life in the metropolis. "A Spring Flood in Broadway" and "A Wall Street Wooing," selected at random from among the titles, hint at the definiteness with which local color is introduced. Such work as this shows determination to deal with life close at hand, and to find the materials of literature where alone they can be found, in the life which the writer knows at first hand. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A popular edition of that old-time classic of the undergraduate, *The Adventures of Verdant Green*, by Cuthbert Bede, makes its appearance from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. (Boston), with an etched frontispiece and two hundred illustrations by the author. This volume shows the "larky" side of old-time life at Oxford better perhaps than any other book which has been written on that subject. The fact that more than one hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold attests its popularity. The taste of to-day in the matter of humor and satire is much more exacting than that of the generation to which Verdant Green appealed, but the book has an old-time jollity which is likely to appeal to the undergraduates of all generations.

Mrs. Ella Higginson has already published a volume of stories, "From the Land of the Snow Pearls," and has made herself known to a considerable number of readers as a new writer from the Pacific Slope, who studies life in Oregon with the intentness and describes it with the freshness with which life in New England and in the South has been described by so many short-story tellers of distinct literary gift. The stories in this volume, which bears the title of *A Forest Orchid and Other Stories*, are very unequal in point of literary workmanship, and they deal with very homely people and very common experiences, but there is a freshness of feeling about them and a vividness of style which give them reality. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Readers of The Outlook have not forgotten the volume of poems, "Under King Constantine," which bore the name of Katrina Trask. Mrs. Trask has now made a venture in the field of fiction; if we mistake not, this is her first attempt in this direction. *John Leighton, Jr.*, is the story of the life of a man who as a boy has been overshadowed by a fierce and almost vindictive Calvinism in the person of his narrow, intense, but, according to his lights, conscientious father. Against this arid and cruel dogmatism he reacts into agnosticism. It is only when he reads his mother's journal as a man that he is ready to discern a true Christianity in the person of Christ. The story is told with a great deal of earnestness and ardor. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Stuart and Bamboo, by Mrs. S. P. McLean Greene, author of "Cape Cod Folks" and other stories, has some patent absurdities and impossibilities. But it has also genuine human sympathy, irrepressible fun, and several strikingly original characters. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——*Eat Not Thy Heart*, by Julien Gordon, is not without power and insight into human motives and social questions; it is too diffusely written, and both author and characters "discourse" too much. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)——Ernst Eckstein's *Cyparissus* is a romance of the Isles of Greece in ancient days; like his other classical stories, it shows scholarly knowledge and lively story interest. It is admirably translated by Mary J. Safford. (George Gottsberger Peck, New York.)——Sir Walter Besant and Mr. W. H. Pollock are collaborators in the production of *The Charm and Other Drawing-Room Plays*. They are gracefully written but not powerful productions. (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)——*The Dagger and the Cross*, by Joseph Hatton, is a somewhat high-pitched and melodramatic tale of England and Italy. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.)

Flint (Little, Brown & Co., Boston) is the title given to a novel written by Maud Wilder Goodwin. The title indicates clearly the character of the hero, who gives out sparks of sympathy, humor, and gentleness that entirely contradict the apparent hardness of his nature. He proves himself human by falling in love in the most orthodox fashion with a girl of whom he greatly disapproved when first he met her. The Salvation Army is introduced with reportorial effect, and one of its lassies catches the heart of a Boston man of aristocratic connection. "Flint" is a book for the hour when one protests against the hurry of life and wishes to spend his time with well-bred people in refined surroundings, who know how to converse.

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ARCHÆOLOGY

Readers of The Outlook will not have forgotten the instructive article on Rome, by Professor Rodolfo Lanciani, which recently appeared in these columns. Many of those readers are probably familiar with Signor Lanciani's "Ancient Rome" and his "Pagan and Christian Rome." There will thus be an appreciative welcome to the archæologist's latest volume, *The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome*. This book is unlike its predecessors in being adapted not so much for students of archæology and for leisured folk as for students "on the road," for travelers and tourists. The author promptly disclaims any effort toward publishing a complete manual of Roman topography. What he does give, however, is the best of books for those who wish to visit the existing remains and the latest excavations in the Eternal City. The illustrations, tables, and maps add greatly to the value of the work. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

We chronicled the appearance of the fourth and final volume of Professor W. M. Sloane's monumental "Life of Napoleon." This volume covers the events from the Russian retreat to the final scene at St. Helena. As is fitting, the index and bibliography, published with this volume, are specially ample and full. (The Century Company, New York.)

A Correspondence Between John Sterling and Ralph Waldo Emerson, which comes to us from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston), has already been published, if we mistake not, in the "Atlantic Monthly," but it is well worthy of permanent preservation as the record of interchange of thought and feeling between two of the most interesting men of our time. In this correspondence Sterling, who was under the shadow of death and surrounded by bereavement, shows himself the more spontaneous writer. Emerson, on the other hand, shows himself, as usual, serenely looking at life from the heights on which he stood, but matching his idealism with a generous and practical hand of help to English writers, more than one of whom he not only introduced but befriended in this country. Dr. Edward W. Emerson has prefaced the correspondence with a very interesting sketch of Sterling.

The recent celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the old Sleepy Hollow Church at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson received due notice in these columns. It is astonishing that no one had attempted earlier the very agreeable task which Mr. Edgar Mayhew Bacon has so well performed in his *Chronicles of Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow*, for the material was abundant and the charm of it wonderfully appealing to men of imagination and historical interest. Of course several writers, pre-eminently Irving, had touched one or other of the local traditions, but no one had done what Mr. Bacon does in this very pleasantly written book—brought all the traditions together, grouped them, and told the story of Tarrytown connectedly and completely. To have done this in a formal or didactic way would have been to defeat the proper intention of a true reporter. Mr. Bacon writes with an easy pen, and with an appreciation of humorous values. There are a number of significant illustrations—illustrations, that is, which bring out the spirit of the locality. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

POETRY

It is twenty years since Mr. Stedman has given the world a volume of verse. During that twenty years, however, he has contributed freely to the magazines and newspapers, and these fugitive pieces he has wisely brought together in a volume of *Poems Now First Collected*—a volume of about two hundred pages, showing at the first hasty glance great range of interests on the part of the poet, and great vitality and freshness of feeling. The volume will receive fuller consideration at an early day. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Berquin is a drama in five acts by Elizabeth G. Crane. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) This story of the times of Francis I. lends itself well to treatment of the kind which the author has planned. Berquin is that nobleman of Picardy to whom Erasmus wrote so appealingly. The construction of the drama shows some skill, and the characters are sharply outlined.

Two old English battle-songs, *Maldon* and *Brunnanburh*, have been edited by Dr. Charles Langley Crow, of Weatherford College, Texas, and published by Messrs. Ginn & Co., Boston. Professor Crow's work shows careful scholarship; his introductions are specially interesting.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

Some time since M. Auguste Sabatier, the author of "L'Apôtre Paul," published a work

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which attracted even more attention than that, receiving commendation from the greatest scholars. This was an "Esquisse de la Philosophie de Religion d'après l'Histoire et la Psychologie." We are glad to note the appearance of an excellent English translation under the title *Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion*, and we reserve the book for further notice. (James Pott & Co., New York.)

After Pentecost, What? is the title of an interesting discussion, by the Rev. J. M. Campbell, of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit in its relation to modern Christological thought. (The F. H. Revell Company, New York.)——Rabbi Maurice Harris is the author of a history of the Old Testament called *The People of the Book*, which has attained enough success to warrant the publication of a fifth edition. (Published by the author, 10 E. 130th St., New York City.)——*Kindly Light in Prayer and Praise*, by "Pastor Quiet," is a book of meditation and devotion, written with genuine spiritual insight. (Swedenborg Publishing Association, Germantown, Pa.)——The Rev. Dr. Louis Albert Banks has published, through Messrs. Eaton & Mains (New York), a volume of sermons under the title *The Christ Brotherhood*. These discourses are characterized by much energy and directness.

Eleanor Amerman Sutphen has written a book putting in story form the Christian Endeavor Society theory of life, and one's duty to one's neighbor, entitled *Ye Nexte Thynge*. (The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

Dr. John Watson's *Ideals of Strength* (W. B. Ketcham, New York) is made up of two short discourses, the one on "The Folly of Stifling Religious Convictions, and the other on "The Deceitfulness of Sin."

The Rev. Dr. Edwin M. Bliss is probably more closely acquainted with the general subject of mission work than any one else in this country. His experience as the compiler of the well-known reference-book "An Encyclopædia of Missions," and his work as editor and writer of special articles, have put him in possession of a store of useful knowledge on this subject. His *A Concise History of Missions* is admirably planned and arranged. Its historical survey is concise but not dull; its survey of the actual field is comprehensive; its reasoning is just; and its tone is inspiring and hopeful. (The F. H. Revell Company, New York.)——*The Picket Line of Missions* contains papers on David Livingstone, Alexander Mackay, J. K. Mackenzie, James M. Thorburn, and on others of the "advanced guard;" the stories of these lives abound in records of thrilling adventures, of sacrifices and hardships, and of martyrdom. (Eaton & Mains, New York.)

Mr. Grant Allen has published, through Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. (New York), his series of inquiries into the origins of religion; and he entitles his book *The Evolution of the Idea of God*. Mr. Allen believes that corpse-worship is the protoplasm of religion, and that folk-lore is the protoplasm of mythology and theology.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Perhaps Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's *Being a Boy* should rather be classed as a book about boys than as a book for boys. At all events, these papers, first printed twenty years ago, have an altogether delightful flavor of reminiscent boyhood and of New England farm life. Mr. Warner's gentle humor is at its best here; readers who thought they knew the author's work, but who have never happened upon these papers, will find in them all the pleasure of surprise. Emphatically, the book was well worth reprinting. It is most fitly and successfully illustrated by many photographs, by Mr. Clifton Johnson, of real boys in typical country and genuine boyish sport and work; Mr. Johnson has been singularly fortunate in producing pictures which exactly harmonize with the spirit and subject of the book. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)——From the same publishers comes a pleasant book for girls growing into womanhood, *An Unwilling Maid*, by Jeanie Gould Lincoln; it tells pleasantly of the girlhood life of a Mistress Betty Yorke, and of the adventures which befell her and her friends in the American Revolution.

Many parents will greet with satisfaction the series of volumes of "History for Young People," instituted by Thomas Whittaker, New York. The plan is in every way excellent, and the four volumes already issued are well written and are carefully suited to the needs and capacities of young readers. The volumes already issued are *Old Tales from Greece*, by Alice Zimmern; *The History of Rome*, by Mary Ford; and *The History of France*, by Mary C. Roswell.

Here They Are is a collection of grotesque tales of magic and fairy land by James F. Sullivan; the phrase "excessively funny"

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exactly describes them. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)——*Midshipman Jack* is one of a series of boys' stories by Charles Ledyard Norton. It is true historically, and full of exciting war scenes and adventures. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.)——*Walled In* tells of the escape from Randall's Island of a boy unjustly accused of crime; incidentally it gives strong commendation to the system of education and reform carried on at Randall's Island. Mr. W. O. Stoddard is the author; this, like all his books, is well written. (F. H. Revell Company, New York.)

Alan Ransford, by Ellen Douglas Deland (Harper & Brothers, New York), is the story of a group of boys and girls who grow up in the environment that surrounds people of comparative wealth and refinement. Whether it is well to introduce the climax of a love-story into this group in the last chapters is a question; a book having for its characters boys and girls of from sixteen to twenty-two, and thereabouts, will interest only boys and girls, and principally girls, of thirteen and fourteen.

The impressions, experiences, criticisms, and scrapes of a group of very original small children are told in *Miss Belladonna, a Child of To-Day*, by Caroline Ticknor. The illustrations are good. It is very evident that these four children are typical American children, for almost every page chronicles some mishap, disaster, or impudence of the four. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Sue Orcutt, a sequel to "The Orcutt Girls," which appeared last year, has been written by the author, Charlotte M. Vaile, and illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.) The Orcutt girls, it will be remembered, were two girls who boarded themselves while they attended the Merton Academy.

The Vege-Men's Revenge is a clever story in verse of what befell the little girl who went out into the garden to gather soup-greens and was captured by the vegetables. The verse is by Bertha Upton, the illustrations by Florence K. Upton. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.) The fortunate possessors of the "Golly-Wog," by the same illustrator and writer, issued last year, will be prepared for the comical figures that lend life to the story. The "Vege-Men's Revenge" is not so attractive nor so amusing as the "Golly-Wog," but it ranks well to the front in the books designed for little children.——Another delightful book for the little people who must be read to is *Make-Believe Men and Women*, by Maud Humphrey and Elizabeth S. Tucker. (F. A. Stokes Company, New York.) The pictures in color are charming, and the poetry and prose alike delightful.

A Girl's Ordeal, by Lucy C. Lillie (Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia), belongs to the class of fiction which has as a heroine a high-minded girl who is a misfit in a family where vulgarity and wealth are made the thorns in her life. There is the usual misunderstanding between two people who love each other. In real life two people who would so entirely misconceive the real purport of words and actions would be accepted as candidates for feeble-minded asylums. No girl would be the better for the reading of this book, nor will she see life from any clearer or higher standpoint after having read it. Mrs. Lillie's style is always good.

Every lover of children resents the writing of a child story that distorts religious truths. *The Odd One*, by the author of "Probable Sons" and other so-called religious stories (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York), is the story of a little girl in a family of five. It is the old story of the mother who pays no attention to her children, and the father who is too busy to pay attention to his children. They are brought up by the nurse, who one day shuts up this little girl in a pantry and commands that the child should learn a text. When the nurse comes for her, the little one has learned the text: "And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." The text makes a great impression on the child, and she determines that she will have tribulation in order to be an heir to the kingdom of heaven. The whole story hangs on this morbid misinterpretation. A dog is given to her, who becomes a great pet. One day the little dog is bitten by a mad dog, and shot. The child, after the manner of sensitive children, feels this tragedy deeply. She suffers until a morbid person actually interprets this experience to her as being her "tribulation." Kneeling at the foot of the dog's grave, she thanks God that he has put her among the favored candidates for heaven. To attempt to teach religion to a child through any such distortion of truth is an offense. The illustrations are beautiful. It is a pity that the story does not deserve such exquisitely dainty work as that of the illustrator, Mary A. Lathbury.

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SCHOOL-BOOKS, ETC.

Among the evidences of progress in the education of little children is the improvement in the readers designed for use in the primary grades. Many of those readers are devoted wholly to nature studies, but comparatively few are written and illustrated by experts who know how to write for children. Among the best of these readers is *Stories of Insect Life*, by Clarence Moores Weed. (Ginn & Co., Boston.) The illustrations are by the author, and from scientific works of standing.

The collecting of the stories for children written by Harriet Beecher Stowe into one volume will be welcomed by every lover of good literature for children. "Queer Little People," "Our Charley" and the stories that were told him, with the other favorites, have been published under the title of *Stories and Sketches for the Young*. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) To comment on this collection is unnecessary. The stories under the title of "Queer People" are fine examples of the expression of a woman of genius who loved children and animals, and understood the natural sympathy between the two. The life in barnyard, treetop, and woods, as described by Mrs. Stowe, reveals the close lover of nature. "The Minister's Watermelons" is a boy's story told with a warm appreciation of boy nature such as comes to a mother of boys. Every story for young people is written with an appreciation of child nature and the things that interest a child, told with childlike directness. The mothers who are struggling with questions of what to read to children and what to let them read will welcome this collection issued in handsome dress and clear type.

Professor F. L. Pattee, of the Pennsylvania State College, has published in a thin volume a series of *Reading Courses in American Literature*, the aim being to present the chronological survey of the best American literary work in five successive periods. (Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.)

MISCELLANEOUS

There is a strange fascination in reading of great criminal trials, an interest not merely in the sensational, but in the psychologically complex and in the play of motive and character. In *Celebrated Trials* Mr. Henry L. Clinton, for many years a leader of the New York bar, tells in detail the story of the famous Cunningham-Burdell murder case, the mystery of which was never solved, of the Tweed trial, of the libel suit brought against Mayor Havemeyer by John Kelly, of the trial of Richard Croker for the murder of John McKenna (it is only fair to the present Boss of Tammany to say that Mr. Clinton makes his innocence on this charge pretty clear), and of several cases of especial significance or interest. Fine portraits of eminent New York lawyers interested in these cases illustrate the book. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Two books of especial interest to mothers and daughters have just been published. *Life on High Levels*, by Margaret E. Sangster (Eaton & Mains, New York), has for a sub-title "Familiar Talks on the Conduct of Life," and this describes the book. It is a series of essays on ethical training of daughters in the home. The second book, *What a Young Girl Ought to Know* (The Vir Publishing Company, Philadelphia), is one of the Self and Sex Series, by Mary Wood Allen, M.D., and Sylvanus Stall, D.D. This book is a delicate treatment of subjects that are most difficult for mothers to present to daughters.

A charming description of the New England coast has been written by Edmund H. Garrett, entitled *Romance and Reality of the Puritan Coast*. Illustrations of the homes of Hawthorne, Longfellow, and those of other New England authors, with historical mansions and bits of the coast identified with either history, romance, or poetry, add to the beauty of this description of New England. The book will be welcomed by bicyclists, as the author used his wheel in his explorations. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Dr. M. L. Holbrook, the editor of the "Journal of Hygiene," is the author of a volume entitled *Stirpiculture*, a series of interesting lectures on race improvement. (M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York.)

A book of great interest and value, Sir Archibald Geikie's *The Founders of Geology*, is reserved for later notice. It must suffice at present merely to say that it is an able review of geological progress from the days of the cosmogonists to those of Lyell and Darwin. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Polyhymnia is the title of a collection of quartettes and choruses for male voices, compiled by Mr. John W. Tufts. (Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.) The book contains national, patriotic, sacred, and miscellaneous songs, some good, others not so good.

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The Religious World

The Open and Institutional Church League

This Convention opened on Tuesday evening, October 26, at the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler gave the League a hearty welcome. The President, the Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D.D., in his annual address noted the signs of the times that reveal the growth and spread of a larger, every-day spirit of ministration on the part of churches. The Secretary, Dr. E. B. Sanford, made a report of progress. The number of churches that are illustrating in various ways the principles for which the League stands is rapidly increasing. The Church Settlement promises to be a most effective way by which the more distinctively family churches may become organically affiliated with the destitute sections of our cities. In closing his report Dr. Sanford said that the League was, without premeditation, fulfilling a very delightful mission, in that it was revealing to the world, through its fellowship in the interest of common service, that believers of every name are one in Christ. Dr. Josiah Strong, in his vigorous and incisive way, closed the evening by showing how the churches must readjust their forces to meet the need growing out of changed social and economic conditions. Sylvanus Stall, D.D., editor of the "Lutheran Observer," Philadelphia, gave an address on "Why Men are Absent from the Churches." The Rev. Anson P. Atterbury, D.D., spoke on the "Need and Ministry of Church Settlements."

The Rev. Leighton Williams described the work and plans of the New York Federation of Churches. Mr. William E. Dodge spoke of the service being rendered by the Federation, and expressed his conviction that only by the full co-operation of all the churches could the world be won for Christ. An interesting paper on "Men's Clubs" was received from the Rev. John Clark Hill, D.D., of Chicago. At the afternoon session the Rev. Dr. Holmes, of Buffalo, gave a helpful address on "Men and the Church." He was followed by the Rev. W. G. Puddefoot, Field Secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. In his own inimitable way he spoke, out of his experience in years past as a workingman, of the relation in which the church should stand to the toilers of every class. The Rev. John P. Peters, D.D., of St. Michael's Episcopal Church, New York, gave a thoughtful address on this topic. The theme of the closing evening session of the Convention was "The Twentieth-Century Pastor," opened by the Rev. Henry Mottet, D.D., of the Church of the Holy Communion (Episcopal), New York. Dr. Mottet found still in Daniel and St. Paul types of the minister who would, with intensity of purpose, accomplish his work in the twentieth century. The addresses of Drs. Frank Mason North and Charles Cuthbert Hall were every way stimulating and worthy of the occasion and the subject. A few names were added to the official list of the League. Among them are George Griffiths, Esq., Philadelphia; Henry Mottet, D.D., New York; Professor Charles R. Henderson, Chicago; Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., New York; James N. Gamble, Esq., Cincinnati; the Rev. S. Parker Cadman, New York; Anson P. Atterbury, D.D., New York; Samuel V. V. Holmes, D.D., Buffalo.

The English Church Congress

The Congress of the Church of England was recently held at Nottingham. Some accounts speak of its meetings as of exceptional excellence, and others with severe criticism. The English papers report such gatherings with far more fullness than they are reported in America. From the various proceedings we select only one meeting for mention, and that one when the Church and the Workingman were considered. The chief speakers at this meeting were Lord Hugh Cecil and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Both the speakers entirely disregarded the distinction between workingmen and other classes of men. Lord Cecil made no reference to the rank or occupation of his hearers; while the Archbishop did so only to bring out the fact that he had himself had early training as a workingman. He said: "What is the message which the Church has to give to the workingmen of this country? What is the difference between the preaching of the Gospel to them and the preaching of the Gospel to any others?" He then added, emphatically, "My friends, there is no difference." This is a point which ought to be more frequently brought out. The Gospel is the same for

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rich and poor. The Archbishop well added: "The question will never be, 'Were you wealthy or were you poor?' but, 'If you were wealthy, how did you use your wealth; and if you were poor, how did you bear your poverty?'" In commenting on this the "Guardian" says: "What the New Testament teaches is being more and more shown by the conditions of modern life. The occupations of different classes differ greatly, and there are great diversities of wealth among them, but even these differences are, we believe, gradually diminishing, while in the one great matter of education the classes and the masses are separated by no means so widely as we are accustomed to assume. At all events, in regard to religious knowledge, to which the Church has chiefly to pay attention, the rich have very little superiority over the poor." Lord Cecil vigorously declared: "Religous education is a great deal better among what are called the less educated classes than it is among the better educated classes." That statement is as true in this country as it is in England.

The Congregational Union of England and Wales

This is the season of the great religious meetings in England. The Baptist Union has just held its sessions at Plymouth, but the reports, so far as we have received them, do not contain any facts which will be of special interest to our readers. The Congregational Union was held at Birmingham. In the reports of its proceedings are two or three things which will be of interest on this side of the water. The preacher and the chairman are both well known in the United States. The chairman was the Rev. Charles A. Berry, D.D., who has just arrived in this country to take part in the semi-centennial services of Plymouth Church. Dr. Berry's address was on "The Churches and the Kingdom," and was a development of the truth which has come into large prominence during the last few years—that the kingdom is the end and the churches are the means. He insisted that the true remedy for false theories of the church is an appreciation of why it exists. The sermon by Dr. R. F. Horton was one of the most intensely spiritual that we have ever read. The object of it was to show that the Christian's work in the world should be, according to ability and opportunity, the same as that of Jesus Christ. The sermon is admirably condensed in a paragraph in the "Independent and Nonconformist" as follows:

> It was a message frankly offered to ministers as such. The subject dealt with the great fact that, as Christ was (or rather is) in the world, so are we sent into the world. As Christ represented and summed up in himself the divine life and the human, so are all true ministers of his to embody the unseen in the seen, the spiritual in the temporal, the changeless eternal life amidst the changing conditions and passing epochs of the world's life. The problem of the true priesthood is to be at once firmly planted in the divine, and yet to be frankly and intensely human. We have no more right to live only for this world than we have to live only for the other; it is ours to couple the two. This implies a twofold duty: (1) to keep in unimpeded contact with God, implying a rigid and predominant desire for that privilege, and a manful willingness to give up all that would hinder it; and (2) to keep in unimpeded contact with men.

Young Women's Christian Association

There has just closed in Montreal a Conference of the sixty-four Women's and Young Women's Christian Associations belonging to the International Board of the United States and Canada. The Conference lasted six days, and among the topics on the programme were "Domestic Science," "Employment Bureaus," "Comfort and Relief Work," "Libraries," and "Recreations." These and kindred subjects were presented in written papers, and eagerly discussed by the ninety or more delegates, who had each brought the knowledge of her local work and was anxious to carry back fresh ideas and results from others. "Conference," said one of the speakers, "is a grand institution for lessening the tuition in the school of experience." The department of Domestic Science in the Boston Association made a report of especial interest. In eight years there have passed through its thorough courses of training ninety-two young women, who have thereby been fitted for positions as matrons in institutions, superintendents in bakeries, pastor's assistants, Association secretaries, or for that highest of womanly callings, the vocation of the wife and mother. In some cities the impulse of helpfulness has reached out beyond the Association home or classes; in Cleveland a Reform Home has sheltered two thousand unfortunate girls in its twenty-eight years of existence; in Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and other places, the watchful care of the "Travelers' Aids" guards the ignorant and timid who step from train or boat. The next Conference will be at Memphis, Tenn., in 1899.

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The Home Club

Laundry Work

By Jennie Comstock

I.—COTTON FABRICS

Clothing, as far as the processes of cleansing go, is naturally divided into two classes: (1) Clothes which may be readily washed and ironed, and (2) those which may not be so readily treated. It is my purpose to speak simply of those which may be readily laundered. This clothing is largely made from woven goods, and just in proportion as they are woven closely or loosely will the goods remain firm and close and in uniform position, just as they were in the beginning; while the spinning of the thread has also much to do with the ease or difficulty with which the dirt may be removed from the article. It must be borne in mind that water acts mechanically as it passes through between the fibers and softens and loosens the dirt, carrying it with it in its passage between the fibers. If dirt is held in place by grease or matter of a sticky nature not so readily loosened by water, soaps may, by chemical action, assist very much in softening and dissolving such matter, and thus make it possible for the water to carry the dirt with it in its passage between the fibers. This is practically what is done whenever any article is washed and made clean. It will readily be seen why a hard-twisted thread, in which dirt has penetrated the fibers which compose the thread, should be more difficult to cleanse than one that is loosely twisted; and also why tightly woven goods should be more difficult to cleanse than a loosely woven piece.

Soaking.—After the clothes have been sorted and the stains removed, the clothes should be soaked as follows:

1. Table-linen should be put in water in a tub by itself.

2. Bed-linen should be put in water in a tub by itself.

3. Body-linen should be put in water in a tub by itself.

Clear, soft water should always be used if possible. If hard water is to be used, it should always be softened, if possible, before using. In soaking use soap-solution and plenty of warm water. Soak all night if possible; if not, soak for two or three hours in the morning. Rub soap on any particularly soiled parts. After the clothes have soaked, drain the water off and pour into the tub a new warm soap-water.

Object in Soaking.—To loosen the dirt and make it easier to free the dirt from the clothes without much extra hard work for the laundress, and without rubbing the articles too much, for too violent rubbing wears them. Colored clothes should not be soaked, for if left in the water too long the colors are apt to run and discolor portions of the article, or the alkali attacks the color and is apt to fade the goods.

Boiling; Boiling Solution.—Place in the boiler much warm water, and add to it a good soap-solution; shave the soap and pour warm water over it, and dissolve the soap in the water. Soap the parts which are still soiled. If there are fine white articles, put these into the boiler first, and use the water for washing the body-linen. Put the clothes into the boiler and bring to a boil. Allow them to boil twenty minutes, occasionally stirring to prevent the clothes from burning. The action of the boiling water with the soap still further draws the dirt from the clothes. If the boiler is not large enough to put all the clothes in together, wash bed and body linen first, and while these are boiling wash the table-linen. In this way no time is lost. One essential point is that not too much clothing should be put into the boiler at one time, as a good supply of water is essential in washing. For rinsing, draw plenty of warm water into a tub. If cold water is used, it hardens the matter and soap on the clothes and makes them stick, having a tendency to either spot or streak the articles. With the clothes-stick remove the clothes from the boiler into an enameled pan, and carry to the tub. Let them stand in the rinsing-water for a few minutes to rinse, and make the starch in the meantime. If the clothes were much soiled, rub a little in the hands, wash up and down, and wring into a second tub filled with cold water, which is the final rinsing. Swash up and down and wring out. Here plenty of water is an essential feature in the proper cleansing of the goods. Care should be taken in selecting a good bluing. All bluings are practically insoluble in water, so that the bluing is in finely divided particles in the water.

Put the bluing into a small flannel bag, and

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run through the water several times until the water is colored a good blue.

Test by taking some of the water into the palm of the hand; when it gives a distinct but faint blue tinge, the water is ready for use.

Do not allow the solution to settle, but stir every few minutes to keep the particles in suspension, so as to prevent streaking.

Begin with the yellowest clothes, and dip a few at a time. If one dipping is not sufficient, dip a second time and wring well. If there is a large wash, sometimes it is necessary to add more bluing to the water.

Wringing by hand strains the goods; the machine dries the goods more evenly. Place the articles in the wringer as far as possible so that they lie in straight folds, with all buttons and hooks inside to save the goods and wringer. In wringing, have a basket in which the goods may be placed directly from the wringer. Regulate the pressure according to the thickness.

Rule for Making Starch.—Mix the starch to a paste in a little cold water; add the shaved wax, pour on boiling water, and stir constantly. Bring to a boil, and boil from five to ten minutes. If the starch is too thick, it may be thinned by adding boiling water until the desired consistency is obtained. A little bluing is added to give a blue tinge. Dip the article into the starch, which is poured into a large enameled pan, putting in first the parts to be more heavily starched. Manipulate the article so as to evenly distribute the starch through it. If the article is to be heavily starched, press or wring the starch out with the hands; if it is not to be heavily starched, pass it through the wringer.

Drying.—If the clothes are to be hung outdoors, care should be taken to thoroughly rub the line off before using. Sun and air make the clothes pure and sweet. All the articles should be shaken into shape, and articles of the same kind hung on the same part of the line and wrong side out, to keep free from dust and dirt as far as possible.

Books on Child-Study

The Outlook is in receipt of a letter from a mother asking for a list of books that will enable her to follow kindergarten lines in the training of her only child, a little girl of three years. She continues: "I have had no training, and I fear none is possible for me, as I live in a very small village; moreover, domestic duties leave me no time for serious study; so that a list of pedagogic and psychological books, such as I have often seen suggested to the correspondents in your columns, would be of little use to me. Before I could read them and reduce their theory to practice my little daughter would be at college. What I want to know is, with all my limitations of time, means, and knowledge, what I can do this winter with a companionless little girl to amuse, and at the same time teach her according to the Froebelian principles." The reply to this is that it is impossible without some study to have the faintest conception of what Froebelian principles are. The first thing that a companionless little girl needs is the play-spirit in her mother; and her mother, having traveled so far along the road of life, may or may not have lost her play-spirit. If lost, she can bring it back only by putting herself in touch with the master-minds who have recovered the play-spirit to maturity. To gain any conception of what Froebel meant by the system which we call kindergarten, one must read what has been put forth by those who have made his system of thought a life-study. "The Republic of Childhood" (3 vols.), by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., was written to help just such mothers as our correspondent. It is an interpretation of the games, the occupations, the whole theory and practice of the kindergarten. "The Kindergarten at Home," by Elizabeth Shireff, an English publication which may be secured through Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, is a book with drawings illustrating the hand-work of the kindergarten, and an interpretative text. This book is also written for the mother who wishes to use kindergarten theory and practice in the training of her children. "The Study of Child Nature," by Elizabeth Harrison, is a book that is absolutely necessary to every mother who wishes to study child nature. "Mother Play," by Susan Blow, should also be a familiar book to every intelligent mother of little children; and every mother of little children should have at least one magazine devoted to educational subjects. If the children are all young, the "Kindergarten Review" will be found a very great help. For the most part the papers in this magazine are practical. The whole aim of the magazine is interpretative. "Kindergarten Stories," by Sara E. Wiltse (Ginn & Co., Boston), is a valuable book, one that should be in every home library.

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